THE MAN WHO WOULD SAVE THE WORLD

JOHN OXENHAM'S NOVELS

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Winds of the Dawn	The Hidden Years

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BY

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TO

ALL YOU

WHO REALIZE THE WORLD'S GREAT NEED

THIS BOOK

IN THE HOPE THAT

THOUGH THE MAN BE NOT YET FOUND

THE SPIRIT OF HIM--AND *HIM*

MAY YET PREVAIL

THE MAN WHO WOULD SAVE THE WORLD

CHAPTER I

A BARE hill among the South Downs. Bare now and pitiful in its bereavement, for until recently it was all a-rustle with sturdy pines like most of its neighbours. They were cut down for pit-props during the War.

In spring it was pale green with the curly fingers of the bracken pushing hopefully through the ragged remnants of last year's growths.

In summer it was a mountainous green billow swirling in the breeze.

In autumn and winter it slept quietly under its coverlet of tawny russet.

On its highest point, a great cross made out of the rough red bole of a pine and part of a pine.

There was no figure on the cross, but at the place where the pierced feet would have rested was a wooden slab with some words carved on it.

At the foot of the cross sat a man and a dog,—a man out of the usual run of men. Unusual in all respects.

His outer garment was somewhat akin to a monk's robe, but more graceful—possibly because of the exceeding grace of the man inside it,—and partly from its peculiar soft texture which caused it to fall in rippling curves whenever he moved.

He was sitting now with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped between them, his eyes gazing into distances beyond the range of human sight.

The small dog sat upright between his feet and looked the same way as his master, seeing at once much more and very much less. He was a brindled, wire-haired Cairn, with alert pricked ears, very bright brown eyes, and very short legs.

The man's eyes were wonderful in their eloquent depths,—of so dark a blue that they looked almost black under the strongly-marked brows. But they could flash like steel if occasion called, and like steel they had flashed on many a hard-fought field.

If you could have stood unseen in front of him as he sat there, and could have seen in the depths of his eyes all that he saw, you would have been amazed. For he was gazing out over all the earth and the miseries of its teeming millions. And it was a very noble soul that looked out of those wide windows.

His face was in keeping,—strong and calm and fine,—the face of a man used to command,—a man whom men would trust implicitly and follow to the death, as very many had done. Deep thought, high

purpose, suffering, were in his face. But above all it was alight and alive with high and eager purpose.

He sat gazing out over the Downs, north and east. As they darkened and the sky above them began to grow purple, he rose, a tall commanding figure, and moved to the other side of the cross and stood watching the sun set over Selsea way.

How many times he had done that! In these many months he had seen it set on sea and land round a large section of the horizon. And this was to be the last time. He might never watch it so again, and every ridge and hill and tree had grown dear to him.

He stood motionless till the last gleam faded from the glowing sky.

Then he turned again to the empty cross and stood for a moment gazing up at it. The small dog jumped up, joyously expectant, and looked up at his master very much as his master looked up at the cross.

On the slab where the feet would have been were carved, in bold outstanding old English letters, the words,

He is not here.
Seek, and find Him.

He bent suddenly and kissed them, and turned and went swiftly down the hill among the bracken and the pine-stumps.

As he went, with a long swinging step, you could have perceived that his left arm was missing; you might or might not have

noticed the hint of a limp in his left leg. It only showed as a rule when he was tired. But across his robe on the left side you could not have failed to notice the long triple row of many-coloured bits of ribbon that told of the services he had rendered on the field ;— from the V.C. downwards not many were missing. Incongruous they looked on his monk-like robe, but they were there of set purpose and for well-considered reason.

The small dog spied a rabbit and was after it like a shot. His master smiled and did not call him back. For months Jock had tried his best to catch a rabbit, but had never caught one yet, and the run was good for his health. He came back presently with a deprecatory smile and a sandy nose, snuffled his master's robe companionably, and followed him sedately.

At the foot of the hill, among the trees and bushes that bordered the meadowland, stood a small wooden hut. They went in and closed the door.

The lighting of a lamp made visible the meagreness of its furnishing,—a camp-bed, a plain deal table, one basket-chair, some cooking utensils, and a small iron stove, into which, kneeling, the man stuffed some broken wood and started a fire. On the bed was a packed kit-bag.

He prepared a simple meal and they shared it together, but the man's mind was intent on greater matters. Then he disrobed, turned out the lamp, and lay down on his bed. The small dog leaped up on to it also

and curled up between his master's feet and the wall.

And the man lay with fixed, intent eyes, which looked far beyond the wooden roof and the stars above it, while he spoke silently with God,—not as man to man, yet as a man with his Chief when his Chief is his friend—with the Captain of his Soul, to whose service his life was dedicated.

Thus had he learned to say his prayers in many a strange place,—in the tents of the nomads, in African jungles, in slimy dug-outs at the Front, with shells screaming and bursting overhead. His very last thoughts at night, and his very first thought when he awoke, were devoted to the matters which counted most with him.

CHAPTER II

THEY were up before the dawn, ate another frugal meal, and with one last look round his hut the man picked up his kit-bag and went out and closed the door ; the small dog at his heels, rather troubled by the kit-bag which was not usual in the ordinary way of things.

The man did not lock the door. There was no lock. And he had passed it on to an old Downland shepherd, who would be more happily lodged there than he had been for many a day.

As he stood for a moment, for a last look round at all the friendly things that had wrought themselves into the texture of his thoughts during all these months, the sun topped the Eastern Downs, and the cross on the hill shone ruddy brown.

It was like a morning greeting and a blessing on his mighty enterprise. He drew himself up to his fullest ; saluted it meaningly, and turned and went on his way.

Kit-bag in hand he strode away to the nearest station—and to surely as great an endeavour as ever possessed a man's soul :—nothing less than the redemption of the world. Single-handed—and single-hearted—he was going to try to save the world from itself. Truly a mighty undertaking !

His fellow-passengers on the train eyed him curiously. He sat, absorbed in thought, looking out over the speeding countrysides and far beyond them, and the small dog stood up on his knee with his nose against the window and missed nothing that passed.

They took him for a monk from Cowfold, but were puzzled by the triple rainbow on his robe. Some of them comprehended all that those bits of ribbon meant. And one man—an Alpinist in his spare time—was struck by the texture of his robe,—" The finest bit of loden I ever set eyes on," he said to himself, and wished he had the temerity to ask where he got it.

And no man looked at him once without looking again and yet again. He appealed to them in as many ways as there were many of them. But in the minds of all of them he created a great wonder and an insatiable curiosity. They could not get him out of their thoughts. They told their friends about him. They asked themselves, " Who on earth can he be ? "

Later on they said to themselves, " That was the man we met in the train that day,"—and thereby felt themselves set a little above the less fortunate.

At Victoria he took a taxi to the head-quarters of a great motor-car company in Long Acre.

The manager was standing in the show-room with several of his juniors, looking at a car of unusual proportions which was evidently a novelty to them.

The new-comer, carrying his kit-bag, with his dog at his heels, after one glance at the manager, stood and looked also.

" Well, it's a beauty, whatever it's meant for," said one of the boys enthusiastically.

" It's meant for one of the greatest men this world has seen for many a day,—built to his own design and specifications," said the manager convincingly.

" Who, sir ? "

" Colonel Carthew."

" *Carthew !* " echoed the others.

" Yes . . ." said the manager reminiscently. " I served under him on the Somme, and he's a man ! . . . Ay, a man among men ! I shall never meet a finer."

" Thanks, Burnett ! It is good to live in the hearts of one's friends," said a resonant voice behind them, and they all whirled round on the stranger.

The manager gazed bewilderedly at him for a moment and then burst out, " Good Lord, sir ! I never dreamt it was you," and their hands met in a brotherly grip.

" How does she strike you ? " asked Colonel Carthew, turning to the car.

" She's a wonder, sir. You could go all over the world in her."

" Good ! Got the controls as I wanted them ? "

" You can run her with your feet and steer her with your little finger. She's a wonder."

" Capital ! Two good feet I can give her and one whole hand. If she's as good as

you think we shall get on well together. Now where's your office and we'll settle up."

The manager led the way to his private room, and the boys outside buzzed excitedly.

"Is that *the* Carthew?" asked one.

"Of course it is. Captain Burnett served under him on the Somme. In fact, if I remember rightly, it was for saving his life and some other big thing at the same time that Carthew got his V.C."

"He had on about every ribbon going and some I didn't know. Why on earth does he dress like that?"

"God knows,"—in which he spoke more truly than he intended. "Out there one never knew what he'd be up to next. But his stunts always panned out well. He's a wonder. And this car of his is a wonder too. I'd like to know what he's up to now"

"Maybe he'll tell the Captain."

"You bet he won't. He's as close as an oyster till he's got there. And quite right too."

"Let's have another peep inside her," said one, and they opened the door and looked in.

"She *is* a wonder."

And she was. Carthew had, among many other things, thought her out very carefully during his months of retirement, and no requirement had been overlooked. He could cook and eat and sleep there in very much greater comfort than in very many places where

he had had to do these things. In fact he could, as Burnett said, go all over the world in her. She was dove-grey in colour and built mostly of the new metal duraluminum, tough as steel and light as aluminium.

And in course of time the dove-grey car became known pretty well the world over.

Inside the office, while Carthew wrote his cheque, Captain Burnett tendered a hand to the small dog, who savoured it trustfully, and then wagged his tail and reared himself up against the Captain's leg as token that he passed with honours.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Jock;—Sonny for short. And as good a friend as any man could wish for."

He looked thoughtfully across at them for a moment and then asked:

"Where do you live, Burnett?"

"Just over the border in Kent,—old farm-house I've remodelled."

"Married?"

"Rather! Girl from Greenock."

"Good! Later on I may ask you to take care of this little chap for me. I may go abroad for a time and he would break his heart in quarantine, coming back."

"I'll love to have him, Colonel, and I'll care for him as you would yourself."

"Thank you! I knew I could count on you."

"Well, I should think so! . . . I've no right to ask, sir . . . but I can't help wondering, you know . . ."

" Wondering what I'm up to now,"—with a smile. " You'll hear in good time. It's a great adventure."

" And you're going alone ? "

" I shall have Jock. Later on, if I need any help, and if I can find him, and he's available, I'd like to get hold of my friend Bassett again. You remember Jim Bassett ? "

" Rather !—a jewel of a boy !—as true and staunch as your friend Jock. I had him for a time and I never want a better man."

And with slow emphatic nods, Burnett added, wistfully and weightily, " Well, whatever it is you're on to, sir, I only wish I could be in it with you."

" That's like you, Burnett. But this is my job . . . and I don't know what may come of it. Now I must get along. Hearty good wishes to your wife ! Come away, Sonny ! " and little Jock whirled round three times in a transport of delight, led the way out, and as soon as his master set foot on the step of the car scrambled up into the front seat, and intimated that with the Beloved he was ready for anything and everything.

" By the way, sir,"—said Burnett, rooting in his pocket, " your keys. The one key locks everything—gears and doors. We made them in duplicate. You may need them if you go far afield."

Carthew dropped them into some pocket inside his robe, shook Burnett's hand warmly, and then shook hands with all the boys when

he saw how they wished it. He tried the various pedals one after the other, then, with a final nod swung the car round and set off to save the world.

CHAPTER III

MANY a wondering eye followed the grey car as it threaded cautiously through the traffic. And when it had at times to draw up till a block resolved itself, the passers-by collected and gazed, with open mouths and curiosity that knew no bounds, at the striking figure of the driver, with his strange costume and blaze of decorations, and the rigid little, cast-iron-looking dog who sat upright beside him and in spite of his rigidity was constrained to excited yelps at times when the tangle drew too close.

They wondered. They remembered. And later on they recalled that they had seen him.

While he feels his way out of London I will tell you something about him,—very much more than he would ever have dreamed of telling you himself.

His name—David Carthew—was as well known as that of Gordon, or Kitchener, or Lawrence. So much was it a household word, indeed, that legends had begun to gather round it ; and the things he had done in almost every part of the world had been magnified manifold. But, making all due allowance for that, his record was an extraordinary one.

In Egypt and the Soudan, in Arabia and Mesopotamia, on the Indian and Thibetan frontiers, he had handled tribes and hordes in a way that was no whit short of marvellous.

On the various war-fronts he was known as a man who knew no fear. He dared everything, and won through whenever it was mortally possible to do so. He had lost an arm at Hill 70, almost a leg at Beaumont Hamel, and suffered various less visible wounds in Italy and Russia and Palestine.

Wherever he went, men recognized him as a man they could trust and follow, one who would ask of them nothing that was not necessary. And they trusted him implicitly and followed him to the death.

His father—David Carthew also—made much money by honest trading in the East, bought a great estate near Crieff, and died there some years before the War.

His only brother, two years younger than himself, had steadily declined to countenance the War in any way whatever. His conscientious scruples were too vitally a part of himself for any compromise. He accepted the consequences and died in prison. His mother died a few months later.

The girl David was engaged to, Jean Hamilton, a beautiful and charming girl, in every way worthy of him, was killed at Etaples in one of the air-raids.

He was absolutely alone in the world. He gave himself to his country's sore need with a zeal that knew neither stint nor slackening.

He was a born linguist. The gift of tongues came to him almost as naturally as to the believers at Pentecost, though with more labour. It was said of him that if he stopped six months in any new country he could speak like a native and see through the natives' eyes.

It was partly that, but still more his perfect uprightness,—his strength of will, which, in case of need, recognized no difficulty as insuperable, no danger too threatening,—his balanced judgement and scrupulous sense of justice,—and his frank, winning ways which won men's hearts completely and evoked the best in the dourest and most disgruntled. If he required of them an inch, their desire was to give him an ell and even a full yard. Even the envious, and they were many, the slackers, the red-tabs in soft places, and the foul-minded could not deny that he was white all through.

When the War at last ended, those in high places who knew his value tried their best to keep him in the army. But he would not.

He had carried on, through those terrible years, with every ounce that was in him. He had borne himself bravely. He had done prodigiously. He had been grievously disillusioned.

He had seen brave men's lives in myriads—and untold millions of money, though that occasioned him less concern—flung to the void and wasted through sheerest incompetence, mismanagement, envy, malice, and selfishness.

He had fought to his uttermost from a mighty sense of duty, and in the sure belief that he was helping to rid the world of the monstrosity of war and building a better world for men to live in.—Especially the men who had, so gallantly and so self-sacrificingly, borne the brunt of the horror in the same belief as himself.

The meretricious Peace was a bitter blow to him. He saw the old evil ideas spring up again devil-strong,—the selfishness, the incompetence, the narrowness—and worse. He saw the men who had won the war begging in the streets, half-starved and in rags,—the unknown soldiers, so infinitely worse off than their comrades in their foreign graves or the lonely one at Westminster.

He saw no sign of that better world they had fought for. His hopes crumbled to dust and ashes. His heart was sickened by it all. It did not bear thinking of.

He did what he could to alleviate the misery of the broken men. He joined hands with his former Chief—that good man, Douglas Haig. He put at his disposal his great house of Auchteryre, in Perthshire, and a large part of his income, and he gave himself to the work.

But his heart was sick and heavy with the stupendous failure of the world, its blindness and stupidity, its far-reaching mistakes, its selfish carelessness, its apparently deliberate choice of the downward way which could only end in disaster.

Was there no way out? No way of calling

men to a better mind and stopping this hideous Dance of Death ?

The burden of it grew so heavy upon him at last that his only desire was to get away from everything, away from the maddening whirl of life, so that he might think things out quietly and soberly, and try to find some gleam of light in the general mirk.

He bought the war-devastated hill among the Downs. Its bereavement appealed to him. He had his wooden hut built, and went into retreat there with his friend Jock, and the world wondered at times what had become of him.

But he was in the habit of disappearing suddenly and turning up again months afterwards, and the world soon stopped wondering. It was just one of Carthew's curious ways. If he wasn't dead he'd come to life again when he felt like it.

In his solitude, in day-long and often night-long rambles over the Downs, with the only friend he for the time being desired, at his heels and elsewhere ; and on moonless nights in the sanctuary of his wooden hut, he thought things out.

And his thoughts were wide and deep. . . .

Things were all wrong. Everywhere, the world over, things were all wrong.

The miscalled Peace had settled nothing,—had indeed but sowed the inevitable seeds of future wars.

The old gnarled and twisted thought still prevailed. The War had not succeeded in killing it, though it had killed so much that was so much better than itself.

All the high hopes and fine ideals which had carried them all so bravely through those heights and depths of sacrifice . . . all gone,—stifled and buried in the political sink at Versailles.

And the world, dimly conscious of the instability of things, of the rotten foundations and fragility of the structure of this jerry-built Temple of Peace, had, for the most part, given up all hope of betterment and abandoned itself to an almost universal Game of Grab—most men getting what they could for themselves, of pleasure, or power, or such as they accounted the good things of life. Greed, and its shadow, Fear, prevailed. And those who had got more than their rightful share lived in perpetual fear of losing it.

Patriotism! Patriotism had come to spell simply greed and selfish fear.

He had known Edith Cavell. She had helped him in a time of critical need, but a few days before she was taken. Those final words of hers rang loud in his heart. Her visioned soul cut clean through all the tangles. Patriotism was *not* enough.

And, meanwhile, miseries abounded—miseries of injustice, of neglect, of shameless exploitation; and everywhere were discontents and threatening storm-clouds.

Where was it all to end? Where was the world getting to? How could the ghastly rout be stopped?

There were, he knew, plenty of right-thinking and right-desiring people in the world. But so few compared with all the

rest, and all their efforts produced such small result.

The Churches ? For some reason or other the churches were not getting the people. The giddy throngs and the growling mobs alike went past their doors, unhelped and unhealed.

Why ? . . . But that was beyond him.

Eloquent and earnest preachers pointed out The Way to their flocks, Sunday after Sunday. But those who most needed their ministrations came not to listen.

Innumerable societies did their best to palliate the ills of the working-classes. But still there were hundreds of thousands living —existing, at all events—on the dole and the edge of starvation, miserably housed and inadequately fed. And many were so unfitted for work by years of enforced idleness that the desire for work had left them.

The more he brooded over it the grimmer it seemed to him. Where was it to end ? How could the thick hide of the world's heedlessness be pierced, and its moral sense be stirred to perception of its danger ?

Something new and striking in the way of presentation of the old truths was needed, and needed urgently. But what ? How make men listen ?

The War had at first seemed like doing it. Fear of catastrophe had sent many to their knees, and more to the brotherhood and fiery purging of the battle-fronts. But when that fear passed they had taken to revelry—those who were not starving—and downhill

they were revelling still, apparently brazenly indifferent to what came after.

Some held that that indifference was only on the surface—camouflage,—that below, at heart, there was an undercurrent of desire for better things. He hoped it might be so, but he could see no signs of it.

The League of Nations had raised his hopes. But the nations, great and small, still squandered untold millions on their doubts and fears one of another, and he had come to doubt if moral suasion would be able to keep the peace when the insensate burden grew top-heavy, as it had done before.

Another war, infinitely more terrible than the last, would make an end of civilization. Everybody agreed on that, but they could not come to agreement to prevent it. And, meanwhile, all those untold millions, which should have gone to the betterment of life's conditions, were blown away in smoke and hammered into armour-plate. A mad world!

And the complete cure for it all was so obvious to anyone capable of the simplest thought.

CHAPTER IV

RIGHT in the middle of the war, when things were at their bluest and it looked as though they might go on just so till the last man on both sides was killed, Jean Hamilton had sent him a little book of verse which had appealed to her. She had put his name in it with her own and had marked certain passages for his special attention.

He had read and treasured the book for her sake. Now that he had lost her it was doubly precious.

At the time he had thought the writer unduly pessimistic. For, though he had an unwavering belief in ultimate victory, he also expressed profound fear that worse—incredibly worse—might follow "unless . . ." as he enigmatically put it. And it was these passages Jean had marked, and which Carthew had deemed unnecessarily tristful.

But, as he brooded over things in his retirement, they had come into his mind again; he had sought out the little book and it had been his constant companion. The words Jean had marked—simple, pregnant words, but now, as he perceived, touched with vision—rooted themselves in his mind and heart, and presently began to put forth leaves and shoots.

The writer foresaw the end of the war, a temporary peace, and afterwards the possibilities of further disasters so cataclysmic that the mind could scarce conceive them.

His vision ended thus :

" See now, my brothers,—
One and all we met the Call
With hearts unbreakable,
And bore the brunt
Of woes unspeakable.
But—on in front—
Just on in front—
Lie depths of horror and distress,
Foul pits of utter ugliness,
Of misery and wretchedness,
Beyond the power of man to express,—
Unless ! . . .
. . . Unless !—

One only way there is by which this load
Of coming ill may yet be turned to good,—
One—only—way,—
Come back to God !

No laws, no cleverness, no statesmanship
Of man can save the world and with new life equip ;
One Power alone,—*Come back to God,*
And His allegiance own !

Cast out the evils that our souls debased !
Cleanse out Life's temple ! Sweep it clean and chaste !
Let His fair image be no more defaced !—
Come back to God !

God is not mocked . . .
Yet have we spurned and scorned and flouted
Him,
Yea, we have sorely grieved and doubted
Him ;—
And that way lies sure death.
Come back to God !

Come back to God !—
The only road by which the coming ill
May yet be turned to good,—
Come back to God !
Come back to God ! "

Yes, that put it clearly and simply, as became an issue so tremendous, so vital to the well-being—to the very life of mankind.

It was Life or Death, and the World had to make its choice.

And the world had apparently given it up in despair. It had lost hope, and like desperate mariners on a sinking ship, drowned its fears in dissipation. And yet there—plain to every thoughtful mind—was the way of escape, the cure for all the world's ills,—as clear as the sun in the sky. And it was, as that little book said—The Only Way. No argument was necessary. No reasoning was possible. It was there, simple, unanswerable fact. The World's one and only hope was in a return to God.

But what hope was there of that ? Ranging in his mind over so much of the world as he knew, what hope was there of it forsaking its folly and seeking higher things ? And the wider world beyond ? Great Britain even—

his own kin at his own doors? His head shook sadly over the prospect. No power of man could stem that tide of heedlessness, and worse.

God alone could do it. And why should He, while mankind scorned and flouted Him as it was doing?

Could nothing be done? He brooded over it and thought deep, deep thoughts as he tramped the Downs with Jock, through the full round of the seasons. The joy of their wide loneliness, the spiritual bracing of living so close to Nature and to Nature's God, were very helpful to him personally. But outside, the world danced on its way to Death; and thought of that weighed heavily upon him.

And he came at last to this.—God works through human instruments. The world stood in most urgent, most vital need of a new presentation of that simple truth in which its only hope of safety lay,—a presentation so bold and novel that it would strike it in the face, in the mind—and so possibly in the heart, and make it stop and think.

How could it be done? . . . How?

And who could do it? . . . Who?

Ordinary methods were hopeless for the moving of the masses. It was the indifferent, the careless revellers, the self-seeking, the great majority of mankind in fact, who must be got at somehow,—and got at in such a way as would force them to an understanding of their peril and their only way out.

He racked his brains and searched his

heart for a Messenger who might be able to deliver that message as he dimly conceived it might and ought to be delivered. But in vain.

It came upon him like a thunder-clap, as he lay one night on his bed, talking with God.—" Is it possible that this can be meant for *me?* . . . My job? . . . Who am I that I should dream of such a thing? "

He broke into a violent sweat at the very temerity of it. And there was no sleep for him that night.

In spite of all he had done, and all the fame that had come to him, he was a modest man, as truly great men are. And this tremendous thought which had come at him out of the darkness appalled him. The magnitude of it! The stupendous presumption of it! He felt like a speck of dust trying to stem Niagara,—like an ant contemplating the overthrow of Creation. The burden of it crushed him, well-nigh overwhelmed him, drove him to agonies of prayer.

But there was no escape for him. The thought held him.

And at times, since he could not escape it, he gave the reins to his mind and heart and let them run along many mighty ways.—The ways some great soul might take if set to so incalculable an enterprise.

To bring the world to a sense of what was wrong with it, and to try to get it back on to the right lines! Truly a gigantic proposition and one that might well appal any man!

Any ordinary man! But, though the

thought of it appalled him, this was not an ordinary man.

And, though he was a modest man, he knew his own capabilities. They had been proved to the marrow in many fiery tests.

When, as it seemed to him, that Great Call came to him, and the stupendous presumption of impropriating it as meant for himself had, by slow degrees and much deep pondering, become somewhat less confounding to him, he set himself quietly to a rigorous stocktaking.

The man who undertook so mighty an enterprise must have certain qualifications and endowments, both natural and acquired.

He must understand men and the way to their confidence and their hearts.

He must have the gift of tongues and of winning speech.

He must be capable of great endurance and of overcoming difficulties.

Greatly to the good if his name and character stood high with the world.

He must have ample means and be willing —yea, eager—to lay them absolutely on the altar of his endeavour.

He must have a mind open to every approach to his one great end.

He must have within him the White Fire of an overwhelming desire to save his fellows.

He must be ready, if needs be, to lay down his life for them.

The very thought of all that would be required of the man who should attempt that most stupendous work was almost too much for him. But he could not but feel that, by

the Grace of God, some, at all events, of these necessary qualifications had been granted him. It seemed indeed an impossible task, but, even though failure might be inevitable, by slow and painful steps he brought his mind to the attempt.

So—to consideration of ways and means. And he brought to bear upon it all the knowledge, and acumen, and imagination, and attention to detail which had carried through to success his startling coups on so many battlefields.

He would, of course, if that had been possible, have liked to go, as his Master did, carrying neither scrip nor purse. But that was not possible. In these two thousand years the world had grown enormously. With every assistance he could press into his service the delivery of his Message would take a very long time,—and the world was sick unto death. And again, if it had been possible, he would have liked to go quietly, unobtrusive of himself, subordinating everything to his Message. But that again was not possible.

That Message must be delivered in a fashion so original and so striking that, even in these days of blatant advertisement, those who heard it—and even those who only heard of it—must never be able to forget it.

To that end he would court publicity, notoriety even, as hitherto he had fled them. That would be no small trial to him. It was revolting to all his finer feelings. But a Messenger who was ready to give his life to the delivery of his Message must hesitate at no sacrifice.

So, for many months, he planned his great campaign; his bold imagination travelling this road and that,—and strange roads some of them were.—Working out scheme after scheme, making notes of everything that suggested itself, then weeding out those that commended themselves least, and stacking up the remainder for closer consideration.

And all the time he was fervently hoping that some more qualified Messenger might start up and electrify the world to a sense of its need. But none came.

The Message he would seek to deliver was clear as crystal in his mind and heart, but the actual words in which to convey it—words which should be at once simple enough for all to understand, and striking enough to sink into men's hearts, and root and flower and fruit there, were the subject of his profoundest thought and of much prayer.

His words must vary according to circumstances. He could not go on saying exactly the same words day after day, like an actor speaking his part. But the core of his Message—the living soul of it—eventually crystallized into this,—and with every power he possessed he would root it in men's hearts and minds if it were within the power of man to do so.

Everything he said would focus on getting men everywhere, as far as that was humanly possible, to pray regularly this simple prayer:

"Our Father in Heaven,
We pray Thee to send into our hearts,
And into the hearts of all men everywhere,
The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Very simple, but it took him a long time to formulate it so.

But he believed with his whole heart and soul that if the world, or even the greater part of the world, would pray that prayer regularly, the world would redeem itself from its selfishness, and its folly, and its sin, and would thereby heal itself of its miseries.

The very act of asking would in time ensure the blessing ;—he was sure of it.

But he knew, for he knew men well, that many would promise, under the influence of his talk with them, and then forget all about it in the rush and hustle of life.

And so, after much thought, he determined to leave with all who heard him a visible reminder of his visit and their promise. But the form and nature of such a reminder exercised him much. It must be small and light—for he would need millions of them. It must be distinctive,—something that the recipients would treasure for itself alone, in the first instance. It must be imperishable. The careless might lose them,—the Message might pass on to the finder.

He cast about in his mind for some one whose expert knowledge might assist him in the matter. And his mind settled on a man named Jenkins, a gallant little Welshman who had served under him as Sergeant in France when he was Captain.

Jenkins and he had been in some very tight corners together. But no matter how tight the corner, nor how imminent death, Sergeant Jenkins, endowed though he was with Celtic

fervour that blazed fiercely at times, in moments of extremity was imperturbable,—cool as a dew-pond, steady as a rock, and with all his wits about him.

When things seemed coming to a climax, and some men went to pieces—literally as well as morally—Sergeant Jenkins would be quietly humming a hymn-tune through his set teeth, and bits of it would incongruously reach his Captain, between the screamings and blastings of shells and the shrill whistle of the scything of the machine-guns.

He had had many a talk with Jenkins, and had formed a very high opinion of him. Jenkins had told him of his home in Birmingham, where he had been a working-jeweller, just starting on his own account. But what he heard of German doings had been too much for him. He made such arrangements for his business as he could, and enlisted straight away, to do his best to stop it.

He had, as he himself said, a " deffle of a temper," but he was truly a God-fearing man. He had ideas, ideals, and, in his own way, an artistic temperament.

So—to Birmingham, not yet in his loden robe, for which the time was not come. And he was glad to find the name of Morgan J. Jenkins still in the directory.

His place in Northampton Street was small but business-like,—office in front, works behind.

When Carthew sent in his name,—while Jock crept under the flap of the counter and made friends with those inside,—there came

from an inner room the sound of a chair so hastily vacated that it fell with a crash, and Jenkins himself came literally leaping through the outer office, his face ablaze with eagerest anticipation.

"*Colonel!*" he gasped, in a voice indicative of extremest doubt of his own eyes. "This *is* a surprise. . . . Come away in, sir,"—and they passed into the private office, leaving the small staff buzzing with excitement.

"Well? How are things going with you, Sergeant?" asked Carthew, with the smile that Sergeant Jenkins had seen on his face in very much worse places.

"Well, sir,"—with a shrug reminiscent of France, "it's not been the easiest job in the world picking up those lost years. But I suppose I oughtn't to complain. There are so many with no jobs to pick up. I'm making a living anyway . . ."

"Well now, I want your advice and assistance in a curious matter I'm at work on. There may be something in it for you. Can you spare me half an hour or so?"

"I'd spare you a week, or more if you asked it, Colonel. I don't need to tell you that. What's the idea, sir?"

Though he had come solely for the purpose of explaining the whole matter to Jenkins, and it was absolutely necessary to do so, Carthew found himself suddenly diffident about broaching it. To put that great idea of his into words to an outsider seemed impossible to him. . . .

But he knew his man.

" Where is the world getting to, Jenkins ? " he asked abruptly.

" To perdition, Colonel, if you ask me."

" Yes, any thoughtful man must feel that. . . . Well, I'm going to try to save it."

And Jenkins bent forward eagerly and stared at him wide-eyed.

" If any man could, you're that man, Colonel. . . . But "—with a doubtful wag of the head,—" I doubt it's past the power of man. . . . Too big a job . . . and the world apparently doesn't want to be saved. . . . You can't save it against its will."

" I'm going to try to show it its folly and its danger, and to stir up in it a desire for a better way. . . . I've come to you, Jenkins, because I know you and can trust you. For the present, until my plans are completed, I want you to keep the matter entirely to yourself."

" You know me, Colonel. And I know you. We've proved one another. Now, how can I help ? "

And as Carthew outlined his plans Jenkins's blue eyes grew wider and wider, and brighter and brighter.

" Before God, sir," he burst out earnestly, when Carthew ended, " I believe you'll do it. . . . It's the greatest thing I've ever heard of . . . well, the second greatest. It's a sheer inspiration. . . . And it's on the ' reminders ' where I come in."

He leaped suddenly out of his chair and went to a safe in the wall, and came back with a small slab of shining yellow metal in his hand.

"That's it!" he said excitedly. "An amazing coincidence! . . . if it *is* a coincidence. What do you think of that, sir?"

"Gold? . . . No, it's too light for gold. What is it?"

"If it'll do what Meertens says it will, it's the most wonderful thing out. You remember that little Flemish Professor we rescued at Plug Street, just when the Germans were going to flay him alive or something of the kind?"

Carthew nodded.

"Well, we've corresponded pretty regularly. He was interested in metallurgy and so was I. He sent me this about a week ago and it's wonderful stuff. Tough as steel and yet very workable,—won't tarnish, he says, ever. And so far it's stood every test I could put it to. Looks like gold and costs almost nothing. He's asking me to find him a capitalist to exploit it. If he's right in his estimate it's going to revolutionize the jewellery business."

"How much does he want you to find?"

"Twenty thousand pounds, I make it. He says, for plant and working capital, about half a million francs."

"You have found it workable?"

Jenkins sprang up again and brought from the safe several small articles—a brooch, a ring, a small medal. They were beautifully made and chased, but feather-weights. Carthew examined them carefully and nodded thoughtfully as he weighed them in his hand.

" If you are satisfied about the matter, as I judge you are, Jenkins, I will find you the money to go into it with your friend Meertens. It seems to me that this is exactly what I want for my ' reminders.' "

Jenkins sat like one struck dumb, and could only stare amazedly at the Colonel.

" Think out your very finest idea of shape and design. You know just what I want. You see, I'll need forty or fifty million of them, may be a hundred million to cover all the ground . . . in various languages. You'll need special plant for making them, I suppose. I'll be answerable for all that. I have more money than I can ever use, and I have no use for it myself, except to carry out this idea. . . . It possesses me, body and soul, and there is no rest for me till I've done my best at it. No doubt many will deem me mad——"

" They thought the Master mad," said Jenkins meaningly.

Carthew nodded. " I am content to be mad or anything else if I can turn the world from its madness."

" Before God, sir," cried Jenkins again, finding his tongue and springing up all ablaze,—" I believe you'll do it. . . . And I pray God you may ! . . . I'd have no hope in any other man attempting it. But you're not like other men and I believe you can do it."

" Thank you, Jenkins ! I'll count my life a small thing if I can wake the world to a sense of its need. . . . Now, I'm keen to

see what you'll make of that design. When can you show me something? You know what is wanted,—something that people will want to keep for its own sake—something small, but not too small, and it must be chaste and beautiful, and with that Message on it in such a way that it can never be obliterated."

"I'll do it, Colonel. I'm as keen on it as you are yourself. It's the hasp and clasp—the golden link of the whole matter. How long are you stopping?"

"Till we've got the matter in train, anyway. I'm at the Grand. As soon as you get an inspiration, let me know."

"I'll get on to it at once, Colonel. It'll come. It's bound to come. I can see it in my mind," and he began making swift little sketches on a pad in front of him.

CHAPTER V

EARLY next morning, while the Colonel was still dressing, a waiter came up to say that Mr. Jenkins wanted to see him, and at the Colonel's request he was shown up at once to his room.

"I've got it, Colonel!" he burst out, his face alight with the joy of the craftsman who has realized his ideal. And he handed the Colonel the delicately-wrought sketch of what became known all over the world as "Carthew's Sigil."

It was a wonderful piece of work, and Carthew gazed at it lying in the palm of his hand with reverence in his face. For it meant much to him. It represented, in tangible form, the core of his idea and of his far-reaching hope;—and that in so complete and exquisite a fashion that he vented a sigh of satisfaction and gratitude.

"Wonderful!" he breathed deeply. And again—"Wonderful! . . . It's an inspiration. . . . How did it come?"

"I was thinking about it all the time after you left and kept on trying various ideas. When I went to bed my head was buzzing with ideas. You see, I was keen to do something that would be exactly 'it,' and be just what you wanted. I couldn't sleep for thinking of it and my head was so full of ideas

for it that I couldn't straighten them out. . . . Then,"—he said, simply and naturally,—" I fell to praying about it, for I understood what it would mean in your scheme. And then I fell asleep, just fair tired out with thinking about it. I woke up about four, and there it was in my mind, just as you see it there. . . ."

The design for the sigil, or token, which had come to Jenkins in the night, was exactly what Carthew wanted. When, later on, it was reproduced in that wonderful metal which was so like gold, its beauty, and the uplifting circumstances under which it was obtained, combined to invest it with a mystic grace and charm peculiar to each recipient, and infinitely fruitful in its effects.

It was about three inches long by one-and-a-half in depth. Its border was a wealth of roses and lilies intertwined, standing out in relief, and most delicately wrought.

Inside this was the dome of the earth in still higher relief. At the top of it were billowing clouds, out of which rose the Cross, throwing out beams of light on every side. Bending over the dome on each side was a radiant angel whose sweeping wings encircled it.

And across the dome, in bold outstanding letters, were the four lines of the prayer,—the most prominent, as they were the most important, feature of the whole. They stood out bravely importunate. They caught the eye and held it. No man could look at the sigil without reading its petition at least once.

In the lower border, among the roses and

lilies, were wrought the words, RIGHT—LOVE—TRUTH.

"It is exquisite!" said Carthew, still gazing intently at the design, "but can you possibly make it in quantity just like that?"

"Given the proper machines I'll turn them out as fast as they do coins at the Mint. One operation will do it. The dies and so on will cost a good bit——"

"That need not trouble you."

"But once made--and duplicated, or rather manifolded, for the quantities you want, I'll undertake to turn them out faster than you can use them, Colonel. And the last one shall be as clear and sharp as the first. In that orominium, as Meertens calls it, it will be a thing that no one who gets one will ever want to part with it."

"That is my hope. And if you can do all that, my friend, you will be doing a great thing for your fellows. . . . I'm mighty glad you came back safe from Plug Street."

"Maybe I wouldn't have done but for you, Colonel, and I never forget it."

"Come along down to breakfast. I want to tell you how to run your business"—with a twinkling eye—"and then we'll have a talk with your lawyer, if you've got one you're satisfied with."

"I have."

And over the table Carthew detailed his ideas of how business ought to be run to get the very best out of all concerned, and on the lines his much thinking on the Downs had suggested to him.

Briefly—he wanted every man, whose record permitted, to have a stake in the business so that his keenest interest and best energies would be put into his work.

And he wanted that done in the Belgian business also. On those terms he was prepared to finance both concerns to the extent of their needs. His own share in the eventual profits would go to Haig's fund for broken men. Until his own needs as regards the sigils were satisfied the new metal was to be used only for that purpose. After that they could exploit it as they chose.

"If you can put new life into other folks as you have done into me, Colonel, you'll remake the world," said Jenkins, with deep emotion.

"We will do our best, you and I," said Carthew.

And that was how "Carthew's Sigil" came into being.

While this matter was being got into proper working order, Carthew, in his retreat on the Downs, was busily threshing out all the other details of his great venture.

He planned his car to suit his peculiar requirements. It was to go all over the world and he must be able to live, and sleep, and cook in it. With much thought, and full appreciation of the quaintness of it, he settled the question of his robe, and got over from Austria sufficient of that special loden cloth to make many of them.

He pondered long and deeply the various ways by which he could best drive home his

Message into the hearts of men. For, to make his appeal as fresh and telling as it must be made, his methods must vary with his audiences.

And long and deeply he considered the rightful attitude to be adopted towards the Churches and the offers of assistance and co-operation he was certain to receive from them.

He went over to Belgium to see Meertens, happily at work on his new metal, and very grateful for the great prospects Carthew's assistance had opened to him.

He went to Birmingham to see the wonderful dies Jenkins had had made, and rejoiced when he watched the first sigil struck and held it in his hand, the concrete expression of his mighty hopes. A thrill went through him as he gazed at it, at thought of what it might help to accomplish in the world.

But in time everything was ready. He said farewell to the Downs and the empty cross, and set his face and his heart steadfastly to the service of his fellows,—one man—with God—versus the sin and folly of the world . . .

Truly an impossible-seeming enterprise! But—with God . . .

CHAPTER VI

AS he sped along the Great North Road, Carthew had not yet definitely settled in his mind as to where he would make his first plunge.

He was rather anxious about that. A good start would be very helpful to him. He was keen to see how the first gathering he spoke to would receive his Message. It would be to him somewhat in the nature of an augury of what would follow. And he had a dim idea of what might possibly result from it—must inevitably result from it before long—in the way of attentions from the Press. He must be prepared for that.

Yet, eager as he was to be at work, and full of hope as to the result, his natural modesty made him rather dread that first step.

Even doubts and fears assailed him. But he braced his mind firmly to it and pushed them under. A mad idea it might be, but there was method in his madness. And . . . Well, anyway, the world was madder still, and he believed it had been laid upon him to try and turn it back to sanity and God.

As he sped along, a sign-post caught his eye at a cross-road leading off to the right—"Beckton-on-the-Wold."

"Beckton? . . . Beckton? . . . Beckton-on-the-Wold?" . . . It came to him in a flash.

That was where he had taken the very man he and Burnett had been speaking about—Jim Bassett—when he was discharged as being of no further use to the State. A bundle of damaged bones and shattered nerves was Jim Bassett at that time. But Carthew had never lost touch with him, and when the time came, and Jim's one craving was for a sight of home and his own folk again, Carthew conveyed him there carefully in his own car, and had done what he could to smooth his path in life, if he should recover sufficiently to pursue any path but the one to the churchyard.

However, Jim had recovered in time, and the occasional letters he had written to his old Colonel but ill-expressed a very small part of what he felt for him.

It struck Carthew as a happy idea to make his plunge in Jim's village. He would have one friend there at all events.

So—back to the cross-roads and straight ahead for Beckton-on-the-Wold.

It was a good-sized place, almost a small market-town, and as it happened it was market-day.

He drove straight to the Market Square where the carts and wagons from all the countryside were ranged round, with the horses' noses near the bottoms of their bags, awaiting their masters' pleasure.

With outward calm but some inward tumult, Carthew stepped out of his car after Jock, who was already sniffing impressions of Beckton with glad expectancy.

A small crowd gathered round the car the moment it stopped. They had never seen one like it. At sight of the strange figure that came out of it their numbers increased rapidly.

If you can picture him standing there, you will be able to imagine somewhat of the effect he had on the onlookers,—farmers and their wives and daughters, labourers, shop-keepers, out-of-works, and children galore.

They saw a man of about forty, a tall and striking figure, and looking the taller for the graceful drape of the strange robe he wore. The blaze of ribbons on his breast, so apparently out of keeping with the priestly robe, drew all their eyes and set them wondering.

The frosting of his thick dark hair at the temples gave an added dignity to the grave, strong face below. His eyes were deep-set and keen,—grave and intent, but alight with an eager kindliness,—purposeful, wistful as though craving their goodwill, and more,—wise and understanding eyes, which, as that triple row of ribbons indicated, had looked on strange and awful sights, and still saw them, but obviously also looked beyond them.

His voice, when he began to speak, and his way of speaking, were exactly in keeping. Resonant, with something curiously sympathetic in its vibrant tones, his voice, though he spoke quietly and conversationally, carried clearly to every ear in the crowd.

But for the moment he stood silently looking round on them, gently clinking in his

one hand what looked like little oblong tablets of gold. And little Jock sat very upright at his feet, with pricked ears, and roving friendly eyes, and wondering open mouth. This was something quite new. They had never done anything at all like it before.

The crowd increased every minute, and became murmurous with conjecture as to what this odd, but undoubtedly very attractive, stranger was up to.

" Cheap Jack," was a very prevalent idea. But he did not look like any Cheap Jack they had ever seen.

" Quack Doctor," gained many adherents. Maybe those little gold tablets he had in his hand were the quack-medicines he sold.

" Gospeller . . . Preacher," came nearer the mark, though there was something about him that did not quite fit in with that either.

Then he spoke, and their eager curiosity met him half-way.

" My friends," he said, " you are wondering what I am up to. . . . I will tell you."

A great silence fell on them all. This was no Cheap Jack or Quack Doctor.

There was something compelling in that clear full voice, something that played unconsciously on their heart-strings.

" I have come to bring you a Message. . . . But one's faith in a message depends largely on one's knowledge of the man who brings it and one's belief in him.

" If you know and can trust the messenger you have faith in his message. And so I must

introduce myself. But I do so only that you may receive and believe in my Message.

" I am Colonel Carthew. . . . Some of you may know my name and record . . ."

For a reason which suggested itself to him, and which was very soon confirmed, a visible thrill ran through the crowd. A small boy, who had worked himself into the front row, turned suddenly, wormed his way out through the throng, and sped down the street as hard as he could pelt. He came to the forge and rushed in, panting, " Jim Bassett. . . . Your Colonel. . . . In Market Place. . . ."

" What-t-t ? "

And Jim Bassett, who had been holding with the tongs a piece of red-hot iron while a burlier one hammered it, dropped tongs and iron and sped up the street in his grime and sweat, as though his life depended on it.

When Carthew told the crowd who he was, he could not but notice the rustle of expectancy that went through it. For, since Jim Bassett came home, no name was better known in Beckton than that of Colonel Carthew. Jim had never tired of telling about him and the wonderful things he had done out there at the Front.

Carthew continued,—" Before I give you the Message I have been entrusted with, I want to ask you a question or two. I shall be grateful if you will tell me frankly just what you feel.

" Most of you read the papers. You know what is going on, both at home and abroad. You think of what is happening to-day.

Still more, some of you wonder what is going to happen in the future. I want to ask you thinking ones what you think of the outlook generally, all round ? "

" Damned bad ! " said a burly farmer, and a general growl endorsed him.

" Bad, without doubt," said Carthew gravely. " Well, are you content that things should go on as they are ? "

" Divvle a bit, sir. But who's going to alter them ? "

" That's what I've come to tell you—and how . . ."

Here the crowd began to surge under some violent impact from behind, and Jim Bassett, black and sweaty, came hurtling through it like a bombshell.

" *Colonel !* " he gasped, in a voice that shrilled with amazement and delight.

" Jim, my lad, I'm mighty glad to see you on your legs again ! " and their hands gripped in a way that told tales.

It was Jim Bassett's Colonel right enough. There was no possible doubt about that.

" What's doing, Colonel ? " gasped Jim again, staring hard at the Colonel's queer costume—but comforted somewhat by the sight of all those ribbons—and at the car, and at Jock, who was excitedly welcoming him as an obvious friend of the family.

" Stand here by my side, Jim, while I tell you all what I've come for. You and I have stood side by side in some much worse places."

" My God, yes ! We have that, sir."

And Carthew, with a heart full of thankfulness, knew that he had this, his first crowd, in his hand and that they would hearken to his Message. It was a good beginning.

" I was just asking our friends here if they are satisfied with the way the world is going——"

" Thunder !—No ! " broke out Jim with vehemence. " It's going to the devil all round,—everywhere, as far as I can make out. . . . And all the Longley men been kicked out to starve because they can't live on what the damned owners wouldn't dare to offer their chauffeurs."

A growl of assent followed this unequivocal outburst, and rumbled on till Carthew spoke again, in that winning voice of his which went through his hearers' ears into their hearts, so that they could still hear it long after he had stopped speaking.

That voice, and the personality behind it, and the large soul behind that, had broken through the reserves and suspicions and age-long hatreds of desert princes and wily chieftains, and had persuaded them to his will against their own, and always for their good. This crowd of his workaday fellow-countrymen surrendered to him on the spot. Every word told, for they felt that he spoke from his heart, because he had to speak.

" My brothers," he said, laying his one arm on Jim's grimy shoulder, " Jim Bassett and I have stood in many a little town, just such as yours here, with peaceful folk like yourselves going about their daily affairs. And ten days

later we have stood on the same spot with not a vestige of the town to be seen—just a charred brick here and there ; and the rest—dust and ashes . . . And the people who had lived there all their lives ?—broken . . . crippled . . . prisoners . . . or, more happily perhaps,—dust and ashes like their homes. Do you bear me out, Jim Bassett ? "

" My God, yes, sir ! And ten times worse. Things . . . things that don't bear telling," said Jim, with a choke in his voice.

" If another war should come," Carthew went on with impressive earnestness, " things will be a thousand times worse. . . ."

The intent crowd hotched discomfortedly.

" And that next war *will* come,—without a shadow of a doubt, that next war *will* come . . . *unless*——" he paused abruptly and lifted an eloquent hand to fix their minds on that point.

" Every nation is exhausting itself in the piling-up of armaments, the manufacture of weapons, bombs, poison-gases, compared with which the last ones were children's toys.

" When that burden of armaments becomes too heavy to be borne—the crash will come . . . *unless*——" and his hand rose impressively again.

" Now why is all this ? Why is every nation living in deadly fear of its neighbours and arming itself against them ?

" Why is every country living in fear of what may happen within its own borders ?

" Why do misery and discontent and oppression abound ?

" Why all these things, instead of peace and prosperity and the happiness which is God's will for us ?

" I will tell you. Look about you, here at home. Look further afield. Look any and everywhere. And everywhere you see—selfishness, greed, insatiable craving for luxury and pleasure, bitter misery on the part of many, careless indifference on the part of the rest—and everywhere below the surface, deadly fear of what may come,—of what *must* and *will* come . . . *unless*——

" My friends, things are all wrong with the world because the world is leaving God out,—just as it was leaving Him out before the last war. What came to pass then will come again, but infinitely worse . . . *unless*——

" —Unless we all set ourselves, with all our hearts and souls, to get God back into the world.

" How ? . . . I will tell you. That is The Message I am going to give the rest of my life to trying to spread throughout the world.

" The cure for all Life's evils is in our own hands, in your hands and mine. The cure for all Life's evils is—the Spirit of Christ. And that is waiting for you.

" If that Spirit—the Spirit of Right and Truth and Love—were in all our hearts to-day there would be no clashes between Capital and Labour, no lock-outs, no strikes. Capital would delight to pay honest wages. Labour would delight to give honest work. No man would try to get the better of his neighbour,

but would treat him as he would expect to be treated by him.

" No country would live in constant fear of its neighbours, and there would be no necessity for armaments and armies. There would be Peace—at home and abroad. Goodwill and brotherly feeling would rule the world. The world would be new-made and a good place to live in.

" Is all that worth trying for ? "

" My God, yes ! " jerked Jim Bassett, and a deep murmur of assent came from the crowd.

" Well, Brothers, it is yours for the asking. It is waiting for you. If you and the rest of the world will ask for it—and keep on asking, it will assuredly be given to you.

" Let us all get back to the Great, Simple Things—the only Things that truly matter.

" When your children want something very much, they ask you for it and they keep on asking. If it is good for them, and you have it in your power, you give it to them.

" It is exactly the same with God. We are all His children. If we ask Him for what is good, and keep on asking, He will undoubtedly give it to us.

" It is because the World has given up asking for what it knows it needs to keep it healthy and happy, that it is in the state it is in to-day.

" *There* is the certain cure for every evil. Will you ask for it—and keep on asking for it till it is given to you ?—or are you content to drift on to destruction ?

" I do not like formal prayers. But in this

matter we want to concentrate the thought and prayer of the whole world on this one point. When that prayer is answered, all the rest will follow.

" Will you repeat after me this very simple petition, and promise to repeat it night and morning after I am gone, and as often during the day as you think of it."

He lifted his hand again,—

" Our Father in Heaven——"

Hats and caps came off as by one impulse, and the words were repeated.

" We pray Thee to send into our hearts,
And into the hearts of all men everywhere,
The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ."

And after a moment of impressive silence, Carthew said quietly :

" I thank you, my brothers and sisters, and my little brothers and sisters. This may be the beginning of new life for the world.

" And now,—simple as those words are, some of you may forget them. And so—to keep them always before you I have had them stamped imperishably on these little tablets—one for each of you who will promise to repeat that request as I have asked you to do. Remember !—your accepting the tablet means that you promise and will do your best to keep that promise."

He held up one of the sigils which shone like gold in the sunshine, and Jim Bassett's honest black hand was the first to take it. He stood gazing down at it, fascinated by the beauty of its workmanship.

The burly farmer and his wife pressed up for one each, and practically all the rest followed. And to each who took one, Carthew, as he handed it over, with his winning smile, said gently, " Remember ! "

The last to come up to him were a breezy-looking young fellow in grey flannels, shirt open at neck, and bare-headed, and another in light tweeds and a Trilby hat.

" You won't remember me, sir," said the first cheerily.

And Carthew, holding his hand the while, eyed him keenly, and sent his memory in search of a clue.

" I don't often forget a face," he said, " but in the multitudes of good fellows one has met . . . Why, yes ! You were at Villers Brettoneux picking up my broken boys. . . . I'm heartily glad to see you again. Bad times those, weren't they ? Every one of you ambulance-men ought to nave had the V.C. And what are you doing here ? "

" Oh I'm Curate-in-Charge. The Rector's in South of France. He's got a chest "—with a twinkle of the eyes,—" so I run the parish in his absence. My name's Helm. This man's a newspaper Johnnie. We'd both like a bit of talk with you, Colonel, if you have the time."

" Surely ! " and as he shook hands with the newspaper Johnnie, he said, " I thought I knew your face when I saw you in the crowd. Wasn't it in Cairo, just about the end——"

" That was it, Colonel. I'm MacAndrew of the Central News. You were good enough to give me a big boost up, and I've never forgotten it. I want to help in this matter if you'll let me. You're on to a big thing."

" So do I," broke in Helm enthusiastically. " I'll chuck the parish to-day if you can make use of me, sir."

" And here—unless I'm mistaken—is my good friend, Jim Bassett, ready to chuck his forge to come and look after me as he used to do. Isn't that so, Jim ? "

" Just that, Colonel," said Jim wistfully. " I'd sooner that than anything in the world. And you'll need some help with a car like that, sir,—and you with only one arm."

" If I ever take anyone, Jim, it will be you. That's why I came here to-day—to see if you would be available in case of need. But at present, while I'm feeling my way, I've decided to go single—except for Jock here. Now, where can I garage the car for the night ? "

" At our place," said Jim. " We have garage and pumps and all you want. I'll take her down . . . I'll manage her all right, sir. . . . Yes, I see—controls all for your feet. Right-o ! " and he climbed up and went off.

" I'll come along for a chat with you later, Jim," said Carthew, and turned to the other two.

" What about our friends of the other churches ? " he asked Helm. " I'd like to meet you all."

" Right you are, sir. I'll run round and whip them in. They're all decent chaps, and we get along first-rate . . . when the Rector's not here,"—with another twinkle. " He's a bit old-fashioned, you see. I'm new."

" Get them to join us for a cup of tea at the ' George ' there, say in half an hour, Helm, and I'll be grateful to you."

" Pleasure entirely ours, sir," and the breezy youth went off at a run.

" What is the Longley trouble, MacAndrew ? " asked Carthew.

" Usual thing. Wages appallingly poor for the nature of the work. They are notoriously dangerous pits. I'm all for the men. All they ask is an adequate wage. I wouldn't undertake it for ten times the money. As usual, the owners say they're losing money already, and can't afford another penny. If they can't run their business at a profit they should get out and let some one else have a try. . . . There'll be trouble there. There's a lot of bad feeling about."

" Have you dug into matters on both sides ? "

" As deep as I could get, sir. Owners are never very frank about their actual facts and figures, you know."

" And your conclusion ? "

" Drastic alteration all round might save the situation. But the owners won't open their eyes to the fact that what might pay twenty years ago won't pay now. They are hopeless."

" Are you stopping here ? "

" Well,—I want to speak to you about that, sir. This is a mighty big thing you are on to. It will make a tremendous sensation when it gets out. What do you wish done about it? As a newspaper man I'd of course like to give it a huge send-off. But I wouldn't, even for my people, like to do anything offensive——"

" I've had to think all that out, MacAndrew. And I've been thinking all round it for over a year. . . . Tell me now,—I'm so obsessed with this idea that I may have got things out of focus. How does it strike you—as a newspaper man, and a man, I know, of large outlook? Be quite frank. If you tell me I'm mad, it won't alter my purpose. Can you see any other hope for the world?"

" None," said MacAndrew quietly. " I think it's the second greatest thing that has ever been attempted in this world. . . . I can't imagine any other man attempting such a thing. But if any man can carry it through, it's you. . . . And as to being mad . . . I'm a son of the Manse, Colonel, and I've always thought you a bit divinely mad, or you couldn't have done the things you have done. You're no madder than your Master, and if there were more madmen like you and Him I'd have more hope for the world."

" Thank you, my boy! It's heartening to hear you speak so. . . . Now as to your own share in the matter. The whole world is a very big nut to crack,—perhaps an impossible one. But I'm all out—myself and everything I possess—to attempt it. Personally, as you

know, I dislike publicity. But . . . in this matter publicity can help mightily, and so—make as much of it as you like and help me all you can."

"Good! Then I'll run up to town at once. I've got my car here—and to-morrow you'll be the sensation of the day, Colonel. May I have one of those tokens—or half a dozen if you can spare them? What kind of metal is it?"

Carthew told him sufficiently, and MacAndrew's blue eyes opened wide.

"You mean business, sir," he said briefly.

"Please God!" said Carthew, and as MacAndrew turned to go, he said, "It looks as though I'd have to go to Longley to-morrow. But I'd like some more details from you before I go. When can you get back?"

"Eight o'clock."

"I'll have breakfast waiting for you at eight," and ten minutes later MacAndrew was speeding to London, writing his article in his head, and considering head-lines of a size commensurate with his subject.

CHAPTER VII

MACANDREW was barely out of sight when young Helm came swinging breezily along, shepherding his four fellow-padres, all of them obviously mightily interested, but not yet quite sure that it was not one of their lively young colleagues' customary practical jokes. The sight of the strange commanding figure standing there waiting for them reassured them, however, and as Helm introduced them their faces lost their touch of incredulity, and were filled with eager amazement.

" Father Pat,—no mistaking *him ;* Adams, —Cong. ; Shelton,—Wes. ; Brown,—Prim. Meth.," was Helm's characteristic way of making them known.

He had evidently prepared them hastily for their meeting with Carthew. Beyond eyeing him very steadfastly they seemed to accept the strange figure he made as nothing unusual. Their alert interest might well have been set down to the extraordinary reputation he bore.

Father Pat, with just a pleasant flavour of the land of his birth in his genial tones, broke out, " It's good to meet ye in the flesh, Colonel. We've come to look upon ye almost as a myth."

" Not much of a myth about me, Father,"

smiled Carthew, and put an extra squeeze into the hand that held the priest's.

"Faith, no!" said Father Pat, ostentatiously soothing each separate finger. "ye're rale flesh and blood, sirr. I always understood ye took a firm grip of things. Now I'm sure of it."

And then he burst out admiringly:

"My soul! but you might be one of ourselves, Colonel!"

"And so I am, I hope. We're surely all heading the same way;—brothers heading towards Home."

Adams, the Congregationalist, a man of about forty, in not too obtrusively ministerial garb, said eagerly, "We came very near to meeting once, Colonel, and I've regretted the miss ever since. I was in Jerusalem with Allenby. You had just gone on to Damascus with your wild men."

"Great times out there, weren't they?" as he shook him warmly by the hand.

Shelton, the Wesleyan, was too young to have been in the War. This was his first appointment. And Brown, the Primitive Methodist, was too old. His white tie and frock-coat characterized his office more than any of the others, except, of course, Father Pat, who wore a cassock with many buttons down the front. Helm, Curate-in-Charge, looked more like a rowing-man than a parson.

"I'm very glad to have the chance of meeting you all," said Carthew warmly. "Helm and I were going to have a bit of

a talk when it occurred to us that you might also be interested. You see, I very much want you all to back me up in this matter."

"According to Friend Hellum, ye've set yourself a mighty big task, Colonel," said Father Pat.

"Yes, Father,—a mighty big task!—So big that at times the thought of my presumption in undertaking it appals me—almost overwhelms me."

"And no wonder!"

"—But the condition the world is getting into appals me still more. What do you think of things yourselves? I've been thinking of nothing else for the last eighteen months and thinking harder than I ever thought in my life before. It got completely on top of me. . . . But let's go in and have some tea," and they all went into the inner parlour of the "George."

"Things are bad," said Father Pat, shaking his head bodingly. "We're, mebbe, holding our own. I doubt if any of you others are," glancing challengingly at the other churches.

"We're not," said Adams regretfully, "and I doubt if you really are. Of course you've got a tighter hold on your people than most of us. So many of our young people drift away. . . . Don't you find the same?"—to Helm and Shelton and Brown.

Helm contented himself with a nod.

"That's the trouble all round," said Brown, "though"—with the suspicion of a twinkle at Adams,—"we keep more of a hold on ours than some do—or we try to.

But the War slackened things woefully, and since the Peace they've been worse."

"I'm afraid that's so," said Shelton. "We feel it there too. We do our best, but . . ."

"We all do our best," said Adams, brusquely. "But it's not enough to stop the rot."

"That's just the word," said Carthew gravely. "The whole world is suffering from rot—dry rot, wet rot. And for some reason, not easy to lay one's finger on, the churches are not able to stop it. But if it is *not* stopped"—with a despairing lift and fall of the hand—"what is going to be the end of it all?"

"Chaos, and misery—and The End!" said Father Pat solemnly.

"And yet—we here, and very many all the world over, know absolutely what is needed—the one thing—the only thing that can save it . . ."

"Ay, sure,—we know. But it's the getting all the rest to see it too. The world's blind and deaf—except to what it wants, and that's more money, always more money, and more pleasure—as it counts pleasure!—Dance of Death!—Thin ice over a flaming Bottomless Pit.—Can't go on.—And The End . . ."

"Yes. . . . It's a marvel that God suffers it," said Carthew musingly. "It shows how great He is. . . . A smaller God would smash it all up and start afresh."

"That's so," said Father Pat, "and often I've thought it."

"And you've thought beyond that, Father, and so have all of us, I'm quite sure. We know—every thoughtful man knows—what is the only cure for it all. And that is to get the Spirit of Christ back into the world. I may be mad, but I believe it can be done,"—and he told them, simply and earnestly, how that belief had come to him in his retreat on the Downs,—how he had felt called to the work,—how he hoped to carry it out, and how he had determined to devote himself body, soul, and fortune to the attempt,—the attempt to focus the thought of the world on where it was getting to, and the one and only way to a happier state of things.

They listened eagerly, and their eyes shone as he unfolded all his ideas to them.

"Will you take an assistant, sir?" asked Adams earnestly.

"By the powers, Colonel," burst out Father Pat, "it's meself was just going to ask that same thing. Sure'n I'd think any other man that tried it was mad. But you—yes, you may be able to do it."

"I thank you both—all of you, right heartily. That wish of yours is the truest endorsement I could have. Helm here offered himself as soon as he heard. And Jim Bassett, my old batman, is hungering to come and take care of me. But I have had to think all that out. I foresaw that many big-hearted ones, like yourselves, would feel as you do. But I'm convinced that my part in the great adventure—the crazy adventure, as many will deem it—is to devote myself,

single-handed, to the task of making the world look itself in the face and then look up. And your part—and the part of all who feel as you do—is to foster the seed in your own neighbourhood, among your own folk, and help it to bear fruit. . . . I hope, indeed I feel certain, that that simple little petition for the gift of the Spirit of Christ, if constantly used, will in time have its own effect on the hearts and lives of people. At first, perhaps, they will use it simply as a matter of form and because they have promised, many of them anyway. But by degrees the full meaning of it, and all its implications, will root itself in their hearts and influence their lives. . . ."

"If once one began to organize it," he said quietly, following out his thoughts, "it would tend to become just that—an organization, with no soul in it, or, at best, a diffused soul—more body than soul. . . . I saw so much of that during the War that I have a horror of organizations; the men and the millions that I saw wasted then through over-organization! In war, of course, it's unavoidable, but all the same. . . . No,—I'm convinced that, in the first instance at all events, this must be a personal matter. It's the personal equation—the personal dedication to the ultimate degree—that counts in such a matter . . . though, indeed, I'd have been grateful if some better man than myself had been chosen for it."

"I doubt if there's another man in the world could do it, or would ever have thought

of doing it, Colonel," said Helm earnestly. "I believe you may be able to. And you bet we'll all back you up here for all we're worth. Isn't that so, boys?"

They one and all pledged themselves to that.

"Now," said Carthew, "tell me about Longley. Can't we do something practical there?"

CHAPTER VIII

MACANDREW'S car came purring up the street next morning, a full hour before the time he had named, but Carthew and Jock met him on the steps.

"Not much chance of catching you napping, Colonel," he cried, as he raked up a great bundle of papers from the back seat. "Here you are, sir,—the sensation of the hour—till the Ansen-Paradyne divorce case comes along, anyway. And maybe you'll outlast even that.

"We had a busy time when the word got out. I had to go round half a dozen of the leading papers before they were quite satisfied that somebody's legs weren't being pulled. But, once they were satisfied, they laid themselves out on it. By to-morrow the greater part of the world will be talking about you."

"I'd sooner they'd talk about the idea," said Carthew, with a momentary disconcerted crumpling of the face at sight of the startling headlines.

"You're the dynamo of the idea, you see, and they can't dissociate you. They all agree that with you in it it's a matter to be reckoned with,—that it may even go a long way towards fulfilling your hopes,—that you really may succeed in getting the world to think. They all agree that, in any case, it's a magnificent adventure and well worth while,

but that in anybody else's hands it would be ridiculous quixotry.

" And," he added, with a smile, " they're all on the warpath. Their choicest braves will be here before you know, after bits of your scalp, with cameras and notebooks,—all wanting to know all about everything. It's a busy day you'll have, sir."

" I'd better see them all at once," said Carthew musingly, " —as I used to do at the Front. . . . Can you wait half an hour for your breakfast ? "

" Both you and I have waited longer than that, sir, out yonder."

" Then, if you'll be so good, MacAndrew, we'll run over to Longley for an hour, and you can give me your ideas as we go."

And, inside a minute, they were speeding away towards Longley.

As they went, Carthew told MacAndrew all he had gathered from the padres on the subject. And MacAndrew posted him as to the causes of the trouble and the possible cure ;—difficult pits, deep and " hot " ;—out-of-date methods restricting output ;—excellent coal, but markets being lost through inability to compete with more up-to-date pits ; owners, he had little reason to doubt, losing money for some years past, or at all events not making anything worth while ; men, after submitting to two reductions of pay, grown suspicious and hostile, which was not to be wondered at.

" And the cure ? " asked Carthew.

" Common sense and goodwill all round."

" In other words—God-sense all round."

" Just that, sir,—same as all the rest of the world is needing. If you could get some God-sense into all of them—top-dog, under-dog, and middle-dog—they would all come out with flying colours in time. But, you see, it means a bit of sacrifice all round for a time, and these are not sacrificial times ! Everybody nowadays wants all he can get and a bit more if possible. And the trouble here is that middle-dog and under-dog have completely lost faith in one another. Top-dog, I don't know much about. He's just died, anyway. But the men can't understand why mines that have paid so well should suddenly stop paying, and they look on the owners as liars and blood-suckers, and they swear they won't be blood-sucked any longer,—starve first, and so on."

" You seem to have gone pretty thoroughly into it."

" That's what I came down here for. You see, I was brought up on coal—in Lanark. My brother took charge of some pits up there, three years ago,—almost derelict, as these will be soon if something's not done about them, and he's pulled them right up. They're paying better than ever they did. And these could be made to pay if you could get some God-sense, as you call it, at work."

" Who's the royalty owner ? "

" Earl of Heytor,—died last week."

" And the owners ? "

" Family concern,—Fossicks. Several of them, brothers and sisters, elderly folk, done

pretty well out of the mines in past times, inclined now to sit tight on what they've got and take no more risks. . . . Natural, maybe."

"And the coal is there?"

"Enough for twenty years at double present output,—perhaps more. I looked up the surveys."

"And the men?"

"You'll see some of them in a minute or two. This is Longley. They're as decent a set as you'd find anywhere—or they were. At present they're absolutely disgruntled. Before long they'll be ready for mischief. You can't wonder! It's a beastly business at best. Ever been down a mine, Colonel?"

"No: I never have."

"Until you've seen what the work's like underground you can't begin to imagine how very beastly it is."

They were running up the main street of dismal little houses, all just alike except that some were a trifle less frowsy than the others, pitiful little efforts after respectability through which Carthew's keen eyes seemed to penetrate to the heroic poverty within. Twenty-one weeks!—strike-pay or rates'-relief on a rapidly dwindling scale! . . .

There were white-faced men loafing about, some smoking, but not very many, and several lean and melancholy dogs.

They were passing a knot gathered at a street corner when Carthew suddenly laid his hand on MacAndrew's arm.

"There's a face I know. I'd like to speak

to him," and he and Jock were out of the car before it stopped.

The group at the corner stared wonderingly at the tall figure in the outlandish costume, as he came striding up, with outstretched hand, to a man in the middle who had been speaking vehemently to the others as the car passed. Jock passed the time of day with the other dogs, and tried by much tail-wagging to cheer them up a bit.

" Harry Kelt ! " said Carthew heartily. " Don't tell me you've forgotten me ? " and the other gazed at him dumbfoundedly while the Colonel wrung his hand warmly.

" Good . . . Lord . . . Colonel ! But how would I know you rigged out that way ? " he gasped at last, his face ablaze at the recognition.

A face with a tragic story on it. No wonder the Colonel recognized it as he passed. For, once when Carthew saw it during the War, it was only half a face, one side, ear and all, having been blown away. And Kelt had really no right to be alive,—miracle though he was of surgical skill and bits of other men.

He had been one of Carthew's most valued boys, and the Colonel, doubtful as he had been of the wisdom and kindness of attempting to keep such a wreck alive, had still felt bound to do his best for him.

" Have you had breakfast yet, Harry ? " asked Carthew, while the rest gaped around.

" Had a sup o' tea and a bit o' dry bread, Colonel. . . . We fared better out yonder.

God! I'd be glad if another war came to-morrow——"

" 'Ear! 'Ear!" from half the onlookers.

Carthew's eyes were full of sympathy and understanding as they rested on the lean white faces. But he shook his head gravely as he said, quietly but weightily, as one who knew, " If it ever comes again, boys—which God forbid!—it will be so much more awful than last time that it will mean an end of all things. When it's over there'll be nothing left worth speaking of——"

" There bain't much worth speaking of now," growled one.

—" We must find a better way out than that. I'd like a talk with you, Harry. You can spare the time?"

" Haven't done a hand's turn for twenty-one weeks, Colonel. An' I'm sick of it, sick as a dog, I am. Though, dang it all, even th' dogs ain't got anything to be sick on these days."

" I'll be meeting you all again," said Carthew to the others. " But Harry and I are old friends," and he slipped his arm through Kelt's and walked him off.

They came to a small Temperance Hotel.

" This will do us all right," said Carthew, and as the car slid up and MacAndrew got out, he introduced them to one another.— " MacAndrew, this is my friend, Harry Kelt. We knew one another in worse places than Longley," and to Kelt,—" Our friend MacAndrew is a newspaper-man, and he's deeply interested in what's going on here."

" Ay—I've seen him poking about," said

Kelt, with his nearest approach to a smile—rather pitiful but well-intentioned. "An' as to them worse places, I were just saying to th' Colonel that I'd be right glad if another war broke out to-morrow——"

"And I was telling him that if it did it would be so much worse than the last that when it was over there'd be nothing left."

"I'm afraid that's so," said MacAndrew gravely, as they went into the small dining-room, and Carthew went on into the interior to order breakfast.

"Anyway," said Kelt sturdily, "out there we felt like being some use in the world. And we never lacked grub. But now—here"—he shrugged disconsolately, and, nodding a baleful head, said, "Blood and mud and lies and lice and all, t'other was better'n this."

"We're going to try to improve things."

"Them Fossicks is past improving—unless you can improve 'em off the face of the earth. Don't make no diff'rence to them if th' pits lie idle till Judgement Day. What I mean is—they've got plenty to live on and our empty bellies don't trouble 'em. They think we're just a lot of no-account chaps that are never satisfied, while, God's truth, all we want is enough to live on and feed the wives and the kids."

"And that you have a right to, Harry, and so has every man who is as willing to work as you are," said Carthew, who had come in quietly while he was speaking.

"Willing to work! . . . My God, Colonel,

if you knew what it feels like to be aching to work and sick in your heart at sight of your wife and kids clemming, and not to be allowed to work 'cept at a starvation wage . . . you'd feel as we do about it."

"I'm quite sure I would, Harry. Let's have something to eat. MacAndrew here has come from London this morning and he's starving. And then we'll have a talk about this matter."

They all made excellent play with the bacon and eggs and coffee. It was a joy to Carthew to see Kelt's relish for the unaccustomed abundance. But he saw him stop once, soon after he had begun, and stare at his plate with a wince of the twisted face, and intuitively Carthew guessed what was in his mind.

"Go ahead, Harry," he said quietly. "We'll see to them presently. How many have you?"

"Two . . . boy and girl. . . . It's hard on them and the wife, you know."

"Ay! War is always hardest on the non-combatants, and it will be harder still next time."

Really well filled for the first time in many months, and heartened thereby, Kelt, when he had filled his pipe from Carthew's pouch, needed little inducement to free speech.

A question or two from the others, and he gave them a vivid presentation of the men's side of the dispute.

MacAndrew interjected a question, now and again, always very much to the point.

" You know summat about mining," said Kelt.

" Yes, I know summat, but not so much as you do perhaps. I want to get bed-rock facts and the whole truth about them."

" Ay—there's a sight too many lies about. I can tell you the truth about our side, but you'll never get it from t'other side. They lie and they humbug us till we're fair sick of 'em."

And when he had fairly emptied himself on the subject, Carthew asked quietly, " And what's your remedy for it all, Harry ? "

" Scrag th' royaltyors, and scrag th' owners, and run th' mines ourselves."

" And do you really believe you could run the mines yourselves ? "

" No, Colonel, I don't,"—with a hoarse guffaw. " But that's how this kind of thing makes us chaps feel. There's the mines waiting to be worked, and here's us starving for work. And there's them others keeping us apart. Can you wonder we get hot-headed when our feet are so dam cold ? "

" No, I don't wonder at it. But your way out is not the right way. Levelling down the owners and royaltyors by scragging them won't help. What we've got to do is to level you chaps up to your rightful position in the business. It's a very complicated business, as you very well know. You could no more run it yourselves than you could fly."

" You're a big man, Colonel, and one of the best. And you've done some mighty big things," said Kelt slowly. " But I doubt this'll be too much for you."

" We'll see," said Carthew quietly. " I'm tackling a bigger job than this, my lad. But it seems to me that I've got to settle your little one first. . . . What's your idea of what's wrong with everything all round, Harry ? "

" Every dam thing's wrong and has been ever since the War," said Kelt gloomily.

" And do you know why ? "

" We ought to have whopped 'em into Berlin and skinned 'em of every cent they had. Another month would have done it. We were choked off too soon, just when we'd got 'em on the run. . . . Th' Gov'ment blokes humbugged us fine all through t' War, and it's bin all lies and humbug ever since . . . everywhere."

" Ay !—if we could get truth into the world, so that no man would dream of deceiving his neighbour, it would be a great thing, Harry.—And right-dealing, so that every man would deal absolutely fairly and honestly with his neighbour ;—and brotherly-feeling, so that every man would do his level best to help his neighbour, instead of trying to get the better of him . . ."

" Kingdom Come ! " said Kelt succinctly.

" Exactly ! Only there's no reason why we should wait for it till we die."

" Have you gone padre, Colonel ? " asked Kelt wonderingly.

" No, my lad, though I might have done worse. But I've come to see this,—that since the War we've all been leaving God out of the world and that's the root of all the world's

troubles. I'm going to give my life to trying to get Him back into the world——"

"Gosh!" jerked Kelt. . . . "Some job, sir!"

"A mighty big job, Harry, but worth trying."

"Well, sir, if you can bring God back into th' owners and th' royaltyors——"

"And all the rest of you," said Carthew, with his winning smile.

"Ay—well," agreed Kelt,—"if you can do all that, sir, I wouldn't say but what you could do t'rest."

"Right! Think it over quietly, Harry, and you'll see I'm right. If life could be put on such a basis as I've named it would make a new world of it, and that's worth trying for. Now I want to see your wife and the bairns, then"—with a whimsical smile at MacAndrew—"we must get back to Beckton. I expect there are several men waiting for me there. I'll be back to see your chaps as soon as I've seen what can be done, Harry."

CHAPTER IX

BECKTON was agapè with amazement at the sudden irruption of the score or more of cars that had been buzzing in since early morning, and at the pertinacious inquisitiveness of the eager-faced young men who had come in them, and who prowled about everywhere like hungry terriers after a rat.

The landlord and landlady of "The George" were tired of telling them that they had no idea where Colonel Carthew was. He had gone out early—that was all they knew. Many of the enquirers, however, were hungry for other things so there were compensations.

One or two of the brighter spirits made for the church to see if, perchance, the Colonel were there. And they came upon young Helm and presently upon Adams, the Cong., and found them both excellent subjects for interviewing and brimful of Carthew.

Then Father Pat turned out, to be in it all. And, from something he or Helm said, they proceeded to dig out Jim Bassett.

And, from the way all these spoke of the Colonel and this amazing idea of his, even those who had not met him personally felt that they were up against something very much out of the common—an unknown

potentiality—something beyond their gauging, but which might mean much in the world.

When MacAndrew's car came in from Longley, and the Colonel and Jock stepped out, there was a rush from all points towards him.

" It's almost like old times at the Front," he said, smiling at the ring of eager faces. " And a good many of you I've met before. . . . How are you, Jackson ? . . . Pleasure to meet you again, Tarrant "—and so on, greeting all he knew and winning the goodwill of the rest by his words and his bearing.

" I think we'll be more comfortable inside," he said. " There's a big room at the back they'll let us use."

" Just a moment, sir,—if you don't mind," came an anxious wail from the camera-men. A cinema-man had been grinding away assiduously from the moment the car appeared.

So the Colonel faced them bravely and did his best to feel less wooden than is the usual effect of that always trying ordeal.

" Now, boys," he said, when he had led the way to a large room labelled R.A.O.B.,— " Fire away ! Ask anything you like and I'll answer to the best of my ability. It's not like over yonder. No lies or camouflage in this campaign. Everything is square and aboveboard. In fact, I want all the help you can give me."

And they bombarded him with questions as to the Why and the How and the Whither of it all.

And he replied gravely, quietly, thoughtfully, to all—explaining his ideas, simply and modestly, but with a profound inward conviction and a brave assurance which made a very deep impression even upon their news-hardened minds.

They had come to regard every possible happening simply from the point of view of the effect it would have on the minds of the readers of their papers,—the more startling and sensational the better the news, because the greater the effect. And as a rule the effect was a momentary thrill which left the mind more depressed or more debased than before.

But here—they could not but feel it in spite of themselves—here in the very air, in the very atmosphere and personality of this strange commanding figure, with the quiet purposeful face and captivating eyes and smile, with his air of profound and indomitable conviction, and his simple weighty words—here was a novel force being projected on the world.

They could not but believe in him. There was no slightest sign of insanity about him,—unless that he had an unshakeable belief in a Higher Power which desired man's good, not his destruction. Even the most case-hardened,—whose religious beliefs, if he had ever had any, had long since gone down the wind,—felt that this man was doing what he had been set to do—perhaps what he had been born to do. There were novel stirrings among the dry bones as they listened to him.

His answers to their innumerable questions

made the matter clear to them in its remotest details, according to the measure of their receptivity. Some no doubt envisaged the magnitude and the possibilities of it all more than others. But if any had come prepared to scoff, or at all events to doubt, they showed no sign of it.

Even his strange, but admittedly striking and graceful robe, with its blaze of hard-won honours, seemed to them in keeping with all the rest, when, in answer to one of them, he said :

" It's a costume I came to like out yonder in the desert, and it's rather striking, don't you think ? You see, I want to be remembered—not for myself, but for the Message I bear."

Jackson of *The Times* voiced the wish of them all when he said :

" And the token, Colonel ;—with the prayer on ? May we have one each, to keep us in mind of to-day and this great matter ? I'm sure I speak for us all when I say that we're glad to have seen the beginning of it. Some of us may perhaps live to see it accomplished. For my part I devoutly hope it may be." And from the rest came acquiescent murmurs.

" Thank you, Jackson ! " said Carthew. " I count very much on the help you can all give me. One thing I would beg of you all. Don't regard this matter just as a stunt. It is vital. I believe, with every ounce of conviction that is in me, that the future welfare of mankind depends wholly on getting the sense of God back into the world. If you will try to imagine what the world would be like if

it were ruled by God-sense—that is, by Right and Goodwill—instead of by Greed and Fear and Lying—you will, I hope, do your uttermost to bring it about. You can help enormously. Do all you can."

" The sigils," he bethought himself. " You understand,—they are intended simply as reminders. Memories are so short nowadays. I want everyone who receives one to promise to use that prayer. Repetitive prayer is not a part of my Credo. But there are some prayers which we cannot repeat too often. And this little prayer may, I hope, so sink into the hearts of very many that it will in time work out in their lives. . . . I will ask no promises from you. Help me all you can," and he pulled out a handful of the little golden-looking tablets and handed them round.

They examined them carefully and every man read the prayer once at all events.

" They are things of beauty anyway," said Jackson. " Worth keeping just to look at. Not gold, I suppose, though they look it."

" Not gold. But I am assured they will always look like it, as they do now."

" I've never seen anything quite like it," said another, " and I know most metals."

" It has never been used before, and is to be used for the sigils only till all the world is supplied," and they stared in wonder at what must lie behind that.

" It will take some lot to go round, sir."

" I'm having fifty million done in English, to begin with," said Carthew quietly. " Other

languages will follow, as the ways open to me."

"Fifty million!" said one, with a whistling breath of amazement, as he tried in his mind to calculate roughly what fifty million meant if they cost one farthing a-piece, and they looked worth shillings. "You mean business, sir."

"Body and soul,—and all I have and am!" smiled Carthew. "And that's surely a small price to pay to win the world to better things."

CHAPTER X

THERE was already that morning a new atmosphere in Beckton-on-the-Wold. Nobody said anything about it, but everybody was aware of it. And that, even before the morning papers arrived and told them how their insignificant little town had suddenly become the focus of the wonder and talk of the world.

Neighbours regarded one another at first a little shyly, aware of new impulses towards neighbourliness in themselves and wondering if the others felt that way also.

By degrees, as their British sensitiveness found nothing hostile, or even derisive, towards its clearer manifestation, but, on the contrary, a distinct inclination to meet advances half-way, there was shown unusual warmth in greetings, and a display of goodwill and friendliness which may have been there before, but which had certainly never been too much in evidence.

Some of the newspaper-men still prowled about, picking up any scraps of information that offered, and all they learned confirmed the impression made upon them by their interview with Colonel Carthew.

More and more it was borne in upon them that they were attending at the birth of something new. That in itself was an intriguing

sensation in this jaded old world, where crimes, catastrophes, and cataclysms succeeded one another in a ceaseless round, which, though differing in details, yet bore always a general likeness which became in time monotonous.

This idea of a new hope for the world—that some one was at last really trying, with almost superhuman might, to do something to stop the rot—was mightily refreshing to these men who knew more of the inside facts of the general decadence than most. They found it hard to tear themselves away.

MacAndrew got back about midday. A few weighty words between him and Carthew as they returned from Longley had sent him off on several important quests.

"The royaltyor, as Kelt calls him, is up there at Heytor House," he reported to Carthew, as they ate their lunch. "But I couldn't get at him. As a matter of fact, I believe he only got there last night. Probably wasn't up. Sifton, the manager at the mines, is quite a decent fellow. He's as keen to get them going again as Kelt himself, and he'll welcome your help. But it's a question of £. s. d. There's no doubt they've been running at a loss these last two years——"

"Why?"

"Simply cut out by newer mines worked on up-to-date lines. In spite of the cuts in wages they can't compete. Twenty-five per cent extra output would about make ends meet. Fifty per cent would give a decent profit."

" What about the owners ? They're getting nothing while the mines are idle. Can't they see it would be to their advantage to bring them up to date ? "

" They're an old-fashioned lot—the Fossicks. Two old brothers and three old sisters, —comfortably off, never known a pinch of any kind in their lives ;—think the men are a grasping lot and never satisfied, and so on. You know the kind."

Carthew nodded.

" I'll tackle them presently. But first I must see what metal the royaltyor is made of. If we can implant a bit of new soul into him it will be a point gained. You don't know anything about him ? "

" Nothing. He's quite new. Come into it quite unexpectedly, I believe ; and no one seems to know anything about him."

" I'll have a go at him this afternoon. Where shall I find Sifton if I want to see him ? "

" He's at his office at the mines all the time. Seems a bit nervous about leaving them, though I don't think the men have got quite that length—yet. If you find the Fossick people open to reason, and you want him up there they have a private wire to the house. And my car is at your disposal, sir. I must send the office a bit to go on with."

" Thanks, MacAndrew ! If we manage to straighten things out here it will be a feather in your cap. . . . But I'll take my own car. You see," he said, with an amused smile at

the human weakness to which he was pandering, " though one may be as innocent as the dove one has to be as wily as the serpent. I want to impress myself on all these people just as much as I can."

And it was so. The great gates at Heytor opened to the Colonel's imposing car as they would not have done to MacAndrew's Morris-Cowley, and he sped on up the long winding drive through the beech woods to the big house.

An impressive footman opened half the front door as he and Jock mounted the steps. And Carthew saw by the man's face that he had seen the morning papers and knew all about him.

" Will you be so good as to ask Lord Heytor if I can see him ? "

" Will you step inside, sir,—Colonel Carthew, I think,"—and Carthew gave him a smiling nod.—" His lordship is somewhere about, sir. In the garage, I think. If you will step into the library for a moment, Colonel, I'll send after him. I'm sure he'll be delighted to see you."

Carthew was still savouring the wide uplifting beauty of the distant woods, with their green rides and vague shadowy depths, and Jock had satisfied himself that no dog had been in that room lately, when the door was flung open and a hearty young voice cried, " This *is* topping of you, sir——"

" Why—Seaton ! What on earth are you doing here ? "

" Oh—I'm living here at present,"—as

they gripped warmly, and the new-comer sat down on the table and amiably pulled Jock's ear. " I'm the new man—Heytor."

" No ! . . . Oh, this *is* good !—topping good *indeed !* I'd no idea of it. All I could learn about the new man was that nobody knew anything about him."

" That's so. I only came last night. You see, it's all been very sudden and unexpected. My dad only died three weeks ago. He was the third son of the old man, and never expected to come in. He was a parson down in Devon, you know. Then the others dropped out one by one, in the War and so on, and old Heytor himself died ten days ago, and—well, there 'tis ! "

" Well, well ! . . . It's an unexpected jump, but I believe you'll make good use of it."

" Do my best, sir. . . . Do you—er—are you allowed to smoke, sir ? " asked the young man, eyeing him doubtfully, as he hauled out his own pipe and pouch.

" Surely ! " laughed Carthew, following suit. " Isn't tobacco one of God's good gifts ? "

" Some folks don't think so. I do. But I didn't know if—— You see I've been reading all about this wonderful idea of yours, sir. . . . It's great . . . and, if I may say so without impertinence, just like you. There's not another man in the world would have thought of it, much less of attempting it."

" What may come of it, God only knows," said Carthew soberly. " But the need is clamorous, and the cure is obvious to anyone

with brains and a heart. The difficulty is to get the world to see it and to act on it. . . . I thought deeply on it for eighteen months, hoping some better man would spring up and try it——"

"You're the only man one can imagine trying it, Colonel. It's a mighty big thing and needed a mighty big man——"

"Thank you, my boy! It's good to know you feel that way about it. There's one thing I'm going to ask your help in——"

"You shall have it, sir."

"Good lad! . . . Well, the first step is not a very big one. Have you ever been down a coal mine?"

"No. . . . I haven't. I've done a good many things, but coal mines never happened to come into them."

"You know, I suppose, that you're interested in the Longley mines over yonder?"

"I believe the lawyer-chaps in London said something about them. Stopped, aren't they?"

"Yes. I want to start them again."

"Good business, sir! I've an idea those chaps said we were losing five thousand a year over them, or something like that."

Carthew nodded. . . . "If you'll come down one of the mines with me to-morrow morning, we'll see if we can't put our heads together, you and I, and get things on to the rails again."

"I'm your man, sir. Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll come up here for you about eight o'clock and we'll walk over there. Bit of a

tramp will do you no harm, and I'm missing mine on the Downs."

"Right-o, Colonel! Come up to breakfast, won't you,—say at seven-thirty, and then we'll start square. They do one quite decently here. And what about a cup of tea just now—if you can spare the time?" and at the Colonel's nod he rang the bell.

Over tea Carthew made only one further reference to the matter. He believed in going one step at a time.

"I want you to be Seaton—not Heytor—to-morrow, if you don't mind?"

"Delighted! I'm a sight more Seaton than Heytor yet."

"And the oldest clothes you can get hold of. Coal mines are sore on Piccadilly duds."

"Et tu, Brute!" laughed Heytor, with a whimsical look at the Colonel's flowing robe.

"I'll borrow a rig at the mine."

CHAPTER XI

FROM Heytor House Carthew went first to the mines, and found Mr. Sifton, the manager, expecting him. MacAndrew had said he would be sure to turn up there sooner or later.

He found him a tall, energetic, but harassed and anxious-looking man, whose one desire in life was to get the mines at work again. And not entirely for his own sake or the owners'.

"I'll ask you to believe me, Colonel Carthew," he said, "I can't sleep of a night for thinking of those men in the village yonder. They've had deuced hard times, and it's not been their fault or mine. So far they've behaved uncommonly well. They bark and growl, but they haven't got to biting —as they very well might have done,—as maybe you, and I'm quite sure I, would have done. But they'll not stand it much longer, and then—dear knows what will happen!"

"The thing that's got to happen is the starting of the mines again on such lines as will double your output," said Carthew quietly, but with such decision that Sifton jumped up excitedly.

"My God, sir, if you can bring that about you'll save the situation and this whole countryside. But . . . we're between the

devil and the deep sea—the royalty owners and my owners. You've not seen my people yet ? "

" That's a pleasure in store. But the first thing I want is your permission to go down one of your mines to-morrow morning, with a couple of friends. Any objections ? "

" None, Colonel. Anything that will help things along, I'll do."

" One of my friends is Harry Kelt——"

" Harry's all right. That shell, or whatever it was that nearly took off his face, left him his brains."

" Yes. I saw it done. A horrible sight ! It felt almost a mistake to try to get him patched together."

" He has a good deal of influence with the men. I'm glad he knows you. It'll help. . . . If you can do for us here what you hope, Colonel, I'll begin to believe in your other great idea."

" If you would all begin to believe in that first you'd have no troubles of this kind, my friend."

" May it come then, and the sooner the better ! "

" Amen ! And now—to this business. I suppose I may take it for granted that the facts and figures you gave MacAndrew are all beyond question, as to your costs and prices and the amount of stuff underground ? "

" I showed him everything—accountants' figures and surveyors',—everything. He's a fine lad and knows what he's talking about."

" Yes,—it's in his family. Now, see here,

Mr. Sifton,"—and he set before him plainly what he hoped to accomplish.

The manager blinked and wagged his head doubtfully over some of the more drastic changes Carthew insisted on.

" But," he said, " if you can carry them through, Colonel, I don't say but what the mines would pay as they never have done yet. Trouble is, you've got to get round the royalty owner and my people. I don't know anything about the new man. The old one was hard as nails. Good thing he's gone. The new one may be as bad. Royalty owners mostly are."

" I'm not going to try to get round any of them. I'm going to get them round—which is quite a different thing."

" Well, good luck to you, sir ! You've put new hope into one man, anyway. I'll be ready for you between half-past eight and nine to-morrow morning."

Then Colonel Carthew's car created a sensation in Longley by stopping opposite the door, with one window alongside it and two up above, of Harry Kelt's house ; and having made the appointment with Harry for the following morning, he gave the throng that had gathered a cheery word and drove away back to Beckton.

The men gathered round Harry, clamouring for news of what was up.

But all he would say was, " You wait and see, lads. Th' Colonel's the biggest man I've ever met and he's on to our job. I'm to go down t'mine with him in th' morning."

" What for ? " asked one suspiciously.

" Cos he's never been down a coal-mine and wants to see what it's like."

" Gorramighty, he's welcome ! " laughed another. " Wisht I knew as little about it."

CHAPTER XII

HEYTOR HOUSE was a good mile from Longley. As Carthew and young Seaton came into the long dismal street, Carthew said :

" Do you remember Harry Kelt ? "

" Kelt ? Kelt ? No, sir. Have I met him ? I don't seem to remember him."

" You'll not forget him once you've seen him. You remember Pontévisy Bridge ? "

" I remember hearing about it. I wasn't there."

" It was Harry Kelt pulled the charge from under the bridge just in the nick of time. It gave us a big haul that day and brought the end just that much nearer. Harry Kelt lost half his face over that little job and got the V.C. . . . This is where he lives," and he rapped on the door, while Seaton said " Good God ! " softly, under his breath, as the " Homes for Heroes " slogan shot into his mind.

" Well, Harry ? . . . Ready ? " as Harry himself opened the door.

" All ready, Colonel," and he stared at Seaton.

" This is my friend Seaton, Harry. When he heard I was going down the mine he said he'd like to go too. He didn't happen to be

at Pontévisy with us, but I know he's glad to meet the best man that was there."

"I am that, Kelt! It was one of the pluckiest things in the whole War."

"Ay,—well!" said Harry, as Seaton wrung his hand warmly. And in each of their minds—and each one knew it—was the depressing question, "And what good has come of it all?"

"I want to see the wife," said Carthew. "May we come in for a minute?"

"Ay, come in. She's at her washing. She keeps us clean if she can't keep us fat."

And Mrs. Kelt came in from the back, wiping her hands on her apron, with the two children shyly in the rear.

She was a comely young woman and mustered up a smile of welcome for them. But the effects of the strike showed unmistakably in her face and in the children's.

"What time do you get him off when he's at work, Mrs. Kelt?" asked Carthew.

"He's off soon after five when he's on morning shift. I get up about half-past four to get him his cup of tea and a bite to eat."

"And when does he get back?"

"Round three o'clock or so . . . and then"—with a humorous glance at Harry and a nervous laugh—"th' fun begins. He comes in as black as a sweep, you know, an' he's got to clean himself as best he can in here. An', my word, he does make a mess. But they're all the same, and we get used to it. He were saying they have baths at pit-head in some parts. I wish they had 'em here."

"They ought to have them everywhere," said Carthew. "We must see what can be done. . . . Now, Harry, my man, lead the way!" and as Harry turned to open the door, he shook Mrs. Kelt's soap-softened hand and left in it something which sent her back to her washing with new hope in her heart. If things were bitter hard just now there was still kindly feeling in the world, and the very look of Harry's Colonel somehow did her good.

Seaton meanwhile had been, diffidently and awkwardly but altogether amiably, shoving half-crowns into surprised little hands in the rear, which received them doubtfully but curled eager little fingers round them all the same, and let their thanks shine out of their eyes.

"What rent do you pay there, Harry?" asked the Colonel as they went along.

"Eleven bob a week, Colonel, and quite enough too for two rooms and a half and th' kitchen."

"And what were you getting before you stopped?"

"It worked out about forty-five bob a week, and that weren't any too much with things as they are. Boots are terrible dear, you see. It's surprisin' how quick they wears out. . . . When they wanted to cut us down another five bob it simply couldn't be done. So we stopped."

"And how do you manage to live now without any pay?"

"We're none living, Colonel.—Just starving

along as best we can till some one gives way. Th' rent's piling up, but they daren't turn us all out. You see, th' whole place belongs to th' Fossicks, and if they turned us out we'd bust the pits for good an' all, an' they know it. I can tell you it's been none too easy to keep the chaps quiet."

"But you can't even starve along on simply not paying your rent," persisted Carthew, just to keep him talking.

"Well, we gets a bit from th' Rates."

"How much?"

"Ten bob a week now. It's had to come down."

"Good God!" gasped Seaton. "And you live on that?"

"Not what you'd call high, but we're some on us alive yet—just about."

("Homes for Heroes and a Land fit to live in!"—thought Seaton again.)

"If them Fossicks an' that damned royaltyor were put on ten bob a week for a bit," continued Kelt bitterly, "they'd learn something. Or maybe they'd die—and a dam good thing if they did."

"What's a royaltyor?" asked Seaton, with a grim suspicion that he knew without asking.

"Th' old bloke that levies so much off every ton I get and never does a stroke for it. Damned if I can see why! Th' Fossicks have put their money into th' mines . . . an' they've had a mighty lot out. . . . They say th' mines isn't paying, but I don't believe 'em. They always have paid . . . and at bigger wages too. What's made 'em stop paying?"

" I'm sorry to say it's true, Harry. I've had their figures carefully gone into. They've been losing money for the last two years," said Carthew.

" G-r-r-r-r ! Well—why ? "

" Because newer pits, with all the latest appliances for cutting and haulage and so on, can produce twice as much at same cost and so can undersell you."

" Well then," said Kelt, coming to an aggressive halt, " what's goin' t'happen to us chaps ? "

" That's what I'm working on. If I can get the Fossicks and the royaltyor, as you call him, to see reason there's no reason why the pits shouldn't pay as well as ever, and pay you all better wages than ever you've had."

Kelt's dubious wag of the head as he went on did not seem to imply any great hope of the Colonel's success with such impossible dead-weights as owners and royaltyors.

" How do you get on with the manager, Mr. Sifton, Harry ? " asked Carthew.

" Sifton's all right as to th' pits. We've no grudge against Sifton . . . unless it's him as doesn't get proper prices."

" No, that's not him. He's nothing to do with fixing prices. It's supply and demand does that."

" Damn 'em ! " said Kelt fervently.

It took them something over half an hour's steady walking to get to the pits. Just before they reached them Seaton's questing eyes lighted on something familiar.

" Dartmoor ponies, or I'm a Dutchman ! " —and he stopped to look at them.

" Ay—t' pit ponies. They're enjoying it. Plenty to eat and nothing to do,—same as us ! " said Kelt sarcastically. " Some on 'em was nearly blind when first they come up . . . same's us ! . . . on'y we're blind all th' time."

" Poor little devils ! I'd never let one go down a pit if I could help it."

" They gits used to it—same's us. It's none th' merriest kind of life."

MacAndrew and Sifton met them at the office. Carthew introduced Seaton simply as his friend, and went into the office to change into the old suit Sifton had promised him, and to set Jock on a chair with strict injunctions to stop there.

" Now we look more like old times, Colonel," said Seaton, as he came out.

" Good old times ! " growled Harry Kelt ; and then to the manager, " Bit like old times to be goin' down t' pit again, but you'd be jawin' me for bein' late on t' shift."

" I would that, Harry. And I just wish I had the chance. Sooner see you on half a shift than no shift at all."

" Same here," said Kelt. " Though I was never one to cut my shift."

The engines and pumps were running. The four of them got into the tub and shot down to the bottom of the mine, the one Kelt was in the habit of working in, so that, as Sifton said, he'd know his way about. He considerately let them go by themselves, so

that his presence should not throttle the blowing off of Harry's steam.

They stumbled along the cavernous ways by the dim light of their lamps, over roughly-laid sleepers and unexpected chunks of coal or stones, through soft patches and pools,—on and on till to the three unaccustomed ones it became a veritable nightmare.

But at last Kelt stopped.

"That were my seam—one-an'-twenty weeks ago," he said, staring hard at it to see if it had altered. "I reckon we're just about under my house now. If they'd sink a shaft through kitchen-floor t'd save me a lot of time and trouble."

"But do you mean to say you have to come all this way each day before you begin your work?" asked Seaton, amazedly.

"Every step of it, and same goin' back. But it's a sight longer goin' back."

"Now, show us just how you work when you get here, Harry," said Carthew.

"Well,"—he began stripping, and they felt like doing the same, for they were all sodden with perspiration. "It's a hot pit, this one, an' less one has on the better. I strips to the buff, 'cept for this bathing-rag. Then I tries th' roof to see it's not comin' down on me. If it's weak I've got to shore it up. Then I creeps in here—on my side—like this—and I picks away along bottom o' seam. Then I drills my holes and puts in my shots and gets out o' sight till they've gone, and then I gropes back through the smoke and stench and gets to work again."

" And that for—what is it up here—seven hours a day—eight ? " asked MacAndrew.

" Seven and a half."

" My God ! What a life ! " breathed Seaton. " But you can't keep on like that for seven and a half hours."

" We makes a bit of a break for a bite o' bread and cheese, that's all."

" And with the new machines they have now you can do away with all that hand-cutting," said MacAndrew, " and double or treble your output."

" Wish we had 'em," said Kelt, fervently.

Then they set out on the return journey, and, as Kelt had said, they found it had grown a sight longer since the morning.

Arrived above-ground—and never before had sky and fresh air appealed so to some of them—Carthew and Seaton set off home with Harry Kelt, and a tired man was Seaton when they had left Harry at his door and arrived themselves at Heytor House. On the way, Carthew had been quietly outlining to Harry the changes he considered necessary in the working of the pits, and Harry's eyes had grown wider and wider. When they shook hands at parting, he jerked :

" If you can do the half o' that, Colonel, you'll give us new chance o' life—pits and all. . . . But I reckon you'll have to scrag them Fossicks and th' royaltyor 'fore you can do it."

" We'll see. See how the other chaps feel about it, and I'll come and talk to them as soon as I've anything to tell you."

Seaton—Heytor again now—had hardly spoken all the way home. For one thing he had walked some ten miles, four of them underground, and he was not in as good walking-trim as Carthew. And for another—the man in him was in a state of furious rebellion at all he had seen and heard and felt.

He briefly insisted on Carthew coming in to lunch—which Carthew had quite intended to do. And they spoke so little over it that Clarkson, who waited on them, thought they must have had a tiff, though, from all accounts, the Colonel was not that kind of a man. Perhaps his new master was a difficult one. He hadn't had time to judge yet. But, anyway, he couldn't be worse than the old one.

It was not till they were alone in the library, over their pipes and coffee, that Heytor said what was in him.

"You're a great man, Colonel. I understand still better, after this morning, why you succeed in doing unusual things. I've learned to-day what all the talking and reading in the world would never have taught me."

"I'm glad, my boy. These matters only want knowing, and big-souled men like yourself rise to them."

"I don't know about the big soul. Give me the benefit of the doubt. But I'm your man to do anything—everything—that lies in my power to mend matters here. What's the next step? . . . It's like a weight on my chest. I want to get rid of it."

"We'll get rid of it between us. The

position is this,—you, as royaltyor, as Harry Kelt calls you——"

"Damned royaltyor!"

"Harry's expletives are simply capital letters. Well, while the pits aren't working you're losing, as the lawyers told you, probably five thousand a year. The Fossicks have been losing money over them for the last two years. The men don't believe that, because they can't understand it and have lost faith in everybody. They think it's sheer greed on the part of the owners. But it's not. As they were being run, the pits don't produce enough coal to pay their way. If they can be made to produce fifty per cent more than they have done they will pay well. Double the output and they will be splendid properties."

"How can we do it?"

"It means a temporary sacrifice all round, but I'm convinced the results will more than justify it. I want you to waive your royalties for two years——"

"Done, sir! I'm getting none anyhow, so there's no sacrifice in that."

"Thank you, Heytor! That will mean a saving to the business of, say, ten thousand pounds. The Fossicks will have to be brought to agree to forego an equal amount out of their profits——"

"But you say they're losing money."

"Were—under their old methods. I'm going to propose some drastic changes, and I want your waiver of royalty to depend on their adoption of our ideas."

"Good business! I'm with you, sir."

" If they are reasonable,—and folks generally are, when you can show them it's to their advantage—those mines can be made to pay better than they ever have done. MacAndrew assures me there's unlimited stuff down there, and the quality is excellent. It's only a question of up-to-date working."

" Can't we jerk these old Fossickers out if they won't toe the line ? "

" We'll try to get them to the line first. I suggest that you and I call on them this afternoon,—direct assault, as you might say, and lay the whole matter squarely before them."

" Good ! I'm on. If we can't make 'em sit up we'll at all events know where we are. And the men ? Can you bring them to terms ? "

" If we can get over the Fossicks the men will tumble over one another to get down the pits again, on the terms I'm thinking of. It will mean their going on for the present on the terms they struck at—but with this agreement :—that from the day they start they shall be credited with the higher rate of pay, though they won't actually draw it in cash till the mines are on a paying basis. That's their part of the all-round sacrifice. I want the latest coal-cutting machinery installed. I want electric lighting and traction. I want pit-head baths and drying-rooms. All that will come out of your and the Fossicks' twenty thousand pounds. And I want the men to be able to obtain a direct interest in the business,—to get a share in the profits and

to have a fair and proper representation in the management. If we can get all that, Longley mines will prosper. I wish we could pull down the village and rebuild it on decent lines."

"Ay!—It's a dismal hole. Enough to give anyone the pip just to walk through it. How soon can we start, Colonel?" he asked eagerly as he glanced at his watch.

"Better let them get through their afternoon naps," smiled Carthew. "Old-fashioned folk need humouring."

CHAPTER XIII

"BY the way, am I Heytor or Seaton in this scene, Colonel?" asked that young man, as his big Daimler rolled up to the solid cube of red brick in which the Fossick family had lived ever since their father, Old Jim Fossick, the miner, realized his ambition and became mine-owner.

"Oh, Heytor—if you please! In fact, all the Heytor you can manage. We've got, as I said, to carry these people by direct assault —right off their feet to a higher plane."

"Right-o! We'll carry 'em."

Jock was left in charge of the Daimler, and they mounted the steps.

The smiling white-capped maid evidently recognised the Colonel from the morning papers. She showed them into a small morning-room off the hall and sped away, all a-twitter with excitement, saying simply, "I will tell Mr. Fossick, sir."

"You're a notorious character, Colonel," laughed Heytor.

Carthew nodded. "Personally, I dislike it. But I foresaw the necessity and I'm getting used to it."

The door opened and Mr. Fossick came in, —tall, thin, lean, gray hair and beard, rather shaggy-looking and obviously somewhat nervous at this unexpected visit.

" We hope you will pardon our intrusion, Mr. Fossick," said Carthew. " This is Lord Heytor. My name is Carthew."

" Very glad to see you both," said Mr. Fossick, shaking them warmly by the hand. " You, at all events, can't hide your light under a bushel, Colonel Carthew. And I'm glad to make my new neighbour's acquaintance so early. I should have called, of course, in due time. But as a matter of fact I had not heard of your lordship's arrival."

" No, I only got here the night before last, and the Colonel and I have been very busy ever since."

" But won't you join us in the other room ? I believe tea was just going in. And the girls will never forgive me if I don't take you in to see them. We were still reading about you, Colonel Carthew, and wondering if we'd have any chance of seeing you."

He had been leading and shepherding them into an adjoining room while he spoke.

" My dears,"—to the company assembled there,—" Here is Colonel Carthew himself, and this is Lord Heytor." And to the maid who had just brought in the tea-tray,— " Amelia, find Mr. John and tell him. He's out with his rabbits, I think."

One tall, thin lady,—" My sister Jane ; "— two shorter and stouter and somewhat younger ones, but all past middle-age ;—" my sisters, —Sara,—and Elizabeth. No need to tell you, girls, which is Colonel Carthew."

The rest of the company,—two parrots, with red tails and up-winking eyes, on broad-based

stands and perches, to which they were attached by ever-rattling chains. They mopped and bowed as though appreciative of the honour of this visit, and now and again emitted remarks which only their mistress, Miss Jane, could understand. The other sisters each had a diminutive plethoric King Charles spaniel on her knee, which eyed the visitors with supercilious distrust when they were put down to set the ladies' hands free.

"Very good indeed of you to give us a call," said Miss Fossick, in a thin high voice. "We were just reading more about you, Colonel Carthew, and your truly wonderful idea when the bell rang and there you were. Very remarkable!"

"Well, you see, Miss Fossick, we have come on business——"

"On business!"

They were still staring in surprise, when the door opened hastily and Mr. John Fossick came in,—short, stout, fresh-faced, going bald. "Well!—this is a surprise packet—visit, I mean," he said heartily. "No need to ask who's who. Read all the papers could tell us about you, Colonel Carthew,—and very glad indeed to meet you, Lord Heytor. You'll be an improvement on the old man, I can see——"

"*John!*" in a tone of reproof from Miss Jane.

"Well—what do you think yourselves, girls? Then why not say it? I believe in calling a spade a spade and no dam shovel nonsense about it."

"*Really, John!*"

"Bad boy of the family, you see," he said with a chuckle. "Pleasure to stir them up a bit at times. What about some tea, girls? Those rabbits always make me dry . . ." and to Heytor—"I breed 'em, you see. You must come round and have a look at them one of these days. I've got some champions, I can tell you."

"And what is this business, Colonel Carthew?" asked Brother James anxiously. He evidently feared a levy for the Colonel's great adventure.

"It's about this unfortunate strike,"—at which a very slight, almost imperceptible, breath of frost touched the genial atmosphere.

"Lord Heytor and I are greatly distressed about it. We've been putting our heads together, and we can see how to end it and make the mines pay better than they ever have done——"

"A consummation most devoutly to be desired. . . . Damn 'em!" said Brother John.

"*John!*"

"But of course it needs your co-operation. Given that, I think I can assure you of the result."

"You'll be a clever man if you can do that, Colonel." said James.

"No, I don't claim any cleverness in the matter. It only needs common-sense—and a little something more. It is all in line with my larger hope—of which you have been reading. That little something more, I am

quite sure you all possess. It is only a question of applying it. . . . By the way, I was forgetting. . . . I'm sure you would each of you like one of my little sigils," and he produced some from his robe and handed one to each of them.

"What beautiful things!" cooed Miss Sara.

"Perfectly lovely!" cooed Miss Elizabeth. And they all inevitably read over to themselves the words of the prayer inscribed on the little gleaming tablets.

"You see," continued Carthew quietly, "you are all suffering through this unfortunate matter. Heytor here is getting no royalties. You are not only getting no profits but are losing the upkeep of the mines. And the men are starving. Do you know, Miss Fossick, that down there in Longley you have one of the great heroes of the War. He saved a bridge at risk of his life, and at terrible cost to himself, and brought the end of the war just that much nearer, and so saved thousands of our men's lives. I was there and saw it all. They gave him the V.C. for it. . . . And now he's living down yonder on ten shillings a week and keeping himself and his wife and two children on it . . . ten shillings a week!"

Miss Sara gave a little shiver, though she was quite close to the fire. Perhaps her conscience smote her at thoughts of the five pounds she had paid her small dog's doctor the week before. And possibly Brother John remembered—for his conscience did not as

a rule give him much trouble—that he had paid twenty pounds for a prize doe only a month ago.

" I can't imagine how they live," said Miss Sara.

" They don't," said Carthew. " They starve ! "

" And what's your idea, Colonel ? " asked John.

" That ! " said Carthew, pointing to the sigil in his hand. " Introduce that spirit into your business and I guarantee it will transform it completely and will amaze you."

" Bound to say I don't quite follow."

" I will show you,——" and as briefly as possible he laid the matter before them in its completeness.

Heytor got a still larger idea of him as he listened. He made it all so crystal clear—not only where their duty lay but also, beyond possibility of doubt, where their material interests pointed. And he spoke so persuasively and sympathetically—viewing it all from the loftiest standpoint, and graciously assuming that to be their standpoint also—that, while he was speaking they never took their eyes off him, and when he had finished they sat for a full minute in eloquent silence, broken only by the rattling of the mopping and mowing parrots' chains.

" Sounds drastic," said Brother John at last : " But it certainly seems a way out."

" I'm afraid it's the only way out," said Carthew. " And I'm certain it's the right way."

" It is drastic, as John says. It may be the best and right way out, as you say, Colonel," said Mr. Fossick. " I'm not at all sure. But it's undoubtedly somewhat sudden and—er—revolutionary, you know——"

" No — evolutionary," smiled Carthew. " You'll find, I think, that more and more businesses will be reorganised on some such lines if they are to live and prosper. Why shouldn't the Longley mines be in the van ? "

" Right ! " said Brother John. " They're in the soup at present. Put 'em in the van ! "

" I think we should have time to think it over, James," said Miss Fossick. " When you consider how troublesome the men have been—ever since the War really . . ."

" Poor devils ! " said Brother John. " But what could you expect on ten shillings a week ? Why, I spend several times that on my rabbits."

" Their ten shillings a week is entirely their own fault," said Miss Fossick, dryly. " They could be earning four times that if they cared to do so."

" Yes, it's certainly too big a matter to decide at a moment's notice," said Mr. Fossick somewhat stiffly. " And I'd like Mr. Sifton's views about it. He's been our manager for fifteen years and we have great confidence in him. If you'll give us till to-morrow morning, Colonel, I'll telephone to Sifton to come up and we'll talk it over."

" That's quite sensible," said Carthew. " Sure you've got all the points ? Stay—I

dotted them down lest I should forget any. I'll leave that with you, Mr. Fossick, and we'll look in again in the morning,—about half-past ten. May your decision be a wise and just one! If you adopt these ideas I do not think it possible you could ever have another strike at Longley, and you will be setting an example of right and highmindedness to the whole country."

"Bravo us!" said Brother John.

. . . . . .

"Well? Will they come to it?" asked Heytor, as he drove Carthew back to Beckton.

"Yes, they'll come to it all right, though the idea is somewhat of a shock to them. Mr. and Miss Fossick, the two tall thin ones, are the children of old Jim Fossick by his miner-wife. He gradually worked his way up, and when she died he married the manager's daughter and eventually became owner of the Longley pit. James and Jane have known lean times in their youth and have never forgotten them. I learned all this from Sifton. The others have always had an easy life. They're not a bad lot. Narrow and rather selfish, of course,—unconsciously perhaps. But if it's impressed upon them that of two courses one is right and the other is wrong, they'd sooner take the right one,—especially if they think it's to their own interest. And Sifton is with us whole-heartedly. He sees a big future for Longley if he can have the pits remodelled. We're doing good work,

Heytor, and I'm very grateful for your help. I could have done nothing without it."

"Only too glad to be able to help, Colonel. I wish I could help in your big scheme too."

"You can—in your own way. Will you call for me about a quarter-past ten to-morrow?"

CHAPTER XIV

AT half-past ten to the minute next morning—Saturday morning—Carthew and Heytor found themselves in the presence of the assembled Fossick family, augmented now by Mr. Sifton, the manager.

Except for some changes in their costumes they looked as though they might have been sitting there in solemn conclave since the previous afternoon. Their faces—even Brother John's—and, thought Heytor, with humorous incongruity, even the parrots' and the King Charles aristocrats',—were charged with serious responsibility. They were evidently aware of the momentousness of the occasion.

But the newcomers gathered from a cheerful twinkle in Sifton's eyes that all was right, and Carthew took his cue from it at once.

Greetings over, he said quietly:

"You have come to a decision on this matter, Mr. Fossick, and I am sure it is the wise and right one."

"Yes, we have decided to accept your ideas, Colonel Carthew. Our friend, Mr. Sifton, who knows more about the practical details of the business than we do, believes it to be the right and proper thing to do, and likely in the end to turn out the most

advantageous. Have you discussed it with the men?"

"Not a word. Till we had your decision nothing could be done. But we'll get them together at once, and I feel certain you will never have reason to regret this day's work. . . . I spent last night putting all the points down on paper, so that we may have no misunderstandings. If I know anything about men on strike the very first thing they will ask will be if I've got it in writing, and I must be able to say 'Yes!' I suggest that we run through all the points, and that then Lord Heytor and yourself and Mr. Sifton append your names to it and I will witness the signatures. The details will of course have to be put into proper shape by the lawyers. But this will be quite enough to get the men back to work."

They all saw the wisdom of that, and at the end of a concentrated hour Carthew and Heytor departed jubilantly with the new charter for the Longley mines in the pocket of the Colonel's robe.

They drove down into Longley and found Harry Kelt anxiously expecting them.

"All's well, Harry! How soon and where can you get all your chaps together?" said the Colonel.

"Praise be!" jerked Kelt, his lean, twisted face working with emotion. "There's th' Institute, Colonel, and I can get 'em in about an hour."

"Say two o'clock sharp at the Institute then. And you can tell them it's good news."

Then they ran up to Heytor House for a

quick lunch, picked up MacAndrew at Beckton and at two o'clock found the Institute —an uninviting building of dull red brick, erected by old Jim Fossick as a thankoffering for the successful outcome of his ambitious schemings—packed to the door. Harry Kelt, however, was on the look-out and got them in by a door at the back.

A growling buzz of talk died to a tense expectant silence as Carthew and Heytor and MacAndrew and Jock climbed the steps to the platform and insisted on Harry Kelt coming up with them.

And as Carthew's eyes ranged over the serried rows of intent lean faces, his thoughts ran back to the grim days of the War, when he had seen just such throngs gathered in Y.M.C.A. huts and tents within sound of the guns.

"My friends," said Carthew,—and there was, in his way of saying it, that curious vibrant thrill that sounded as though it came straight out of his heart, as it certainly went straight to theirs,—"Some of you perhaps know the work I am devoting the rest of my life to. I would like to speak to you about that some other time.

"I came to Beckton simply to look up my old friend, Jim Bassett. But, hearing there of this trouble at Longley, it was not possible for me to pass it by without trying what could be done to bring about a happier state of things.

"It seemed to me to be exactly within the run of my work. I am out—and out for all

I am worth—to do my utmost to bring a more wholesome and happier spirit into us all. And here at Longley was as unhappy and unwholesome a spirit as one could find.

" When we can get that happier spirit—or even the desire for it—back into the world, the world will be a much better place for us all to live in.

" By great good luck—which is only another name for Providence—I was able to get the assistance of my friend, Mr. MacAndrew, here. He understands coal-mines and had come down to look into the Longley matter.

" Then—providentially again—Lord Heytor here——"

" Damn 'im ! " said a voice at the back.

But Harry Kelt gave a great guffaw, and smote his leg heartily, and gasped, " By Gum ! —th' royaltyor himself !—an' I been damning him to his face, high and low, for all I was worth ! . . . If that don't lick cats ! " and a ripple of relieved laughter ran round the assembly.

" Yes," said Heytor jovially, " I'm the damned royaltyor, as Harry says, and I've learned more about mining in these three days than I might have learned all my life. I tell you, boys, my heart is sick and sore with what I've learned. I'm with Colonel Carthew heart and soul. He's the biggest man I've ever met. I've been down the mine with him, and I was up with him yesterday and again this morning at Fossicks', and saw him get his way with them——"

" Not my way ! " interjected Carthew.

" Colonel Carthew says ' not *his* way '. We know what he means by that. I agree. He's out for something better than *his* way. And I'm out to follow him and His Leader too."

" Well," continued Carthew, " as I was saying when Harry and th' damned royaltyor interrupted me, Lord Heytor was providentially on the spot and we met. The moment he heard how things stood he offered to stand out of his royalties if that would help matters. . . . No,—I'm not going to discuss the rights or wrongs of royalties. We've got to face facts as we find them.

" Well, that helped us—Heytor, MacAndrew, and myself—to see possibilities. We put our heads together and laid our ideas before Mr. Sifton at the mines, and found him as keen as we were to get things on to a better basis than they ever have been in Longley. We also went down one of the mines with Harry Kelt and got some eye-openers as to what coal-mining means.

" Then we saw the owners, laid all our ideas before them, and gave them the night to think them over. I'm afraid we rather startled them with some of our suggestions."

" Damn 'em ! " said the voice at the back.

" We saw the owners again this morning and I'm right glad to say that they agreed to all we asked. It now needs only your agreement ; and if you agree, and carry out that agreement in the right spirit, I promise you that Longley mines will flourish as they never have done yet,—and . . . that you will every one of you share in their prosperity."

An eager growl ran round—like that of hungry habitants of the Zoo at sight of approaching food.

"What's t' terms?" shouted more than one.

"Listen to me now, and believe me, boys, every statement I make to you I can prove.

"For the last two years the mines have been losing money. You believed that was all lies. It wasn't. I've seen the balance-sheets drawn up by the accountants, and accountants dare not lie.

"That was the reason for the cuts in wages.

"The mines can only pay by a largely increased output. Newer mines with newer methods have cut you out. You can't compete with them.

"Then we must have the newer methods and the increased output here.

"How?

"If this goes through, as I sincerely hope it will, the mines will be electrified,—lighting, haulage, cutting. You will have the latest cutting-machines which will enable you to turn out several times what you can do by hand and with much less labour. You will have hot and cold shower-baths at pit-head, and drying rooms for your working-duds, so that you can go home clean men and not looking like sweeps. The wives will be glad of that. Harry Kelt would have liked a new shaft sunk in his kitchen, to take him straight down to his work and do away with that four-mile walk to and fro. Instead of that, and lest Harry's wife and kiddies should tumble

down the shaft, there will be either a small electric tram-line from Longley to the pits, and later on perhaps right into Beckton,—or a system of electric cars, with a penny fare from here to the pits."

They sat listening, open-mouthed and half-doubtful. It all sounded too good to be true. But the vital matter on which everything depended had not yet been touched on.

"An' t' wages?" asked the voice at the back, and a growl of assent endorsed it.

"Here is our proposal;—There are three parties concerned,—you, the owners, and the royalty owner. The owners and the royalty-owner agree to forego all profits till the mines are remodelled on the lines I have indicated. That means they put back into the business £20,000 or more to make these improvements. They do that on condition that you meet them part way.

"And that is only right and fair.

"You are at present starving along on a few shillings a week——"

"Th' owners' fault," said the raucous voice at the back.

"We ask you to go back at the same rate as you were getting when the last cut was proposed——"

"Ay!!!" in a football-crowd roar, and a small grizzled man in the front row, whose bright eyes had been fixed hypnotically on Carthew, jumped up and whirled his arms and shouted, "Glory be!"—and Jock on the platform barked excited approval.

"Wait!"—Carthew lifted a commanding

hand for silence. " And listen till you get it all straight in your minds !

" The other two parties to this matter are making very great sacrifices in the belief that it will pay both you and them in the end. Some temporary sacrifice is necessary on your part also. So—it is proposed that a portion of that rate of wages—about ten per cent—shall not be paid out to you at once, but shall be credited to you in the books and paid over in a lump sum as soon as the pits are paying again."

A blank doubt visibly fell upon them. They scented some trick in it.

" What's it mean ? " asked the voice.

" It means that a man who was drawing fifty shillings a week will draw now, in cash, forty-five shillings, and in twenty weeks there will be five pounds more to come to him, and the same for each twenty weeks. A man who was drawing forty-five shillings will draw, in cash, forty shillings and sixpence, and will have four pounds ten due every twenty weeks."

They seemed dubious still. Carthew went quietly on,—

" But—what appeals to me much more than all that—and I hope it may strike you in the same way, is this—

" In the great hope that it will induce a better feeling all round and prevent the possibility of future strikes, the owners agree to set aside a certain number of shares—one quarter of the whole business—which any of you who have been with them for one year

can purchase and so become part owners in the business. That would carry with it your having a member on the board, to represent your interests, to see into all the figures, and to see that everything was fair and square."

" By—Gum ! " cried the little grizzled man in the front row, jumping up as though to make for the door ;—" I'm goin' to sign on ! " But as he was hedged in by phalanxes of burly bodies he could not get through.

" What's the hours ? " asked one.

" If you do as I would, and put your hearts and all your weight into the matter, the hours will be much what you make them. If you begin now at eight you can, I should say, very well work down to seven when the new machines are in.

" Understand,—it will take some time and a great lot of money to do all I've told you of. It will only be possible to do it if you go back meaning to see it through and to do your part to the full by getting as big an output at once as you possibly can. If you do that all the rest will follow, and Longley will prosper as it never has done before."

Carthew watching them intently, with eyes that had seen, and saw, more than most men's, knew that all was well.

Some of the older men sat very quietly, but their faces told their own tales. Where had been pathetic resignation there were now a vast relief and a great new hope. One and another drew a furtive hand across his eyes.

" Is it all for sure, Colonel ? " asked one anxiously.

" All here in writing and signed by Lord Heytor and the Fossick family and Mr. Sifton, witnessed by myself. There can be no going back on it. It only remains now for you to say you accept it. Then you had better choose one of you to represent all the rest and he should sign it on your behalf. Do you agree to the terms as I've given them to you ? "

" Ay ! ! ! "—another great football-crowd roar.

" Then choose your man and you'll have done the best day's work you've done since you came to Longley."

A universal shout of " Harry ",—" Harry Kelt ",—" Good old Harry ! " settled that business. Carthew handed him the document and MacAndrew gave him his fountain-pen.

" I mun read it first," said Harry, rising at once to the occasion and the importance of his new position.

" Quite right, Harry ! Never sign anything till you're sure it's all right," said Carthew. And to the crowd, all talking at once among themselves——

" While Harry's reading it there are one or two other matters I'll speak of.

" It will take the lawyers some little time to put all that into shape. And it will take longer still to instal the electric plant. We want to get the mines—and the pay—going as soon as possible. Mr. Sifton has arranged that every man signing on to-day shall receive one pound on account of next week's wages, so that there'll be no empty stomachs over

Sunday and you'll all be in good fettle for Monday morning."

There was a general move towards the doors and that one pound per man.

"Wait here, boys! Mr. Sifton is coming here at four o'clock with the books and the money,"—at which some of them laughed, and one said, "You knowed we'd accept, Colonel."

"Don't you think you'd have been great fools if you hadn't?"

"Ay!"

"Well, you see, I believed I was dealing with sensible men. And, by the way, there's another thing in the agreement that will relieve many of your minds. That's about your rents that have been piling up since the stoppage. The owners, who are also your landlords, have agreed to remit them. So you all start square on Monday morning. They are certainly doing their very utmost to straighten things out. I feel sure you will do your part. So now, go ahead! Put the past behind you and build up a big future for yourselves and for the mines!"

"Glory be! We will that, sir," said the little grizzled man in the front row. "Won't you give us some o' them tokens o' yours, Colonel? We heard about 'em from th' Beckton folk."

"Yes, indeed, I'll be glad to. But I only give them to folks who understand about them."

"Well, tell us, Colonel, while Harry yonder's getting through his reading."

There was a look of expectancy on many of their faces. They had evidently discussed the matter among themselves.

Carthew had intended coming back to speak to them about the greater matter. But it occurred to him that it might not be easy to get them all together again and in so receptive a state of mind. Better to strike while the iron was hot.

"Very well, lads. . . . I may not be able to get you all together again like this. You'll be at work——"

"Glory be!"—from the little grizzled man.

"Yes—Glory be! I echo that with all my heart. But do you know what has brought all this about?"

"Yourself, sir."

"No. Don't make any mistake about that. I'm only the instrument, just as your new cutting-machines will be the instruments that will help you all to better times. The Beckton folk may have told you what I'm after. And that is to try to get back into the world the one thing it is so sadly in need of at present. And that is God-sense. Some of us have Common-sense,—you have shown yours this afternoon. Some few have Uncommon-sense. But God-sense is sadly lacking, and because of that the world is full of troubles and miseries and fears. And God-sense is just simply the desire for Right,—right thinking, right doing, right straight dealing between man and man. And more—brotherly-feeling between man and man,—

good-will that will go out of its way to help another along. In a word, lads, it is the Spirit of Good-will that our Father, God, has for us, and that was shown to us by Jesus Christ.

" Get that spirit back into the hearts of men everywhere and the world will have no more wars, no more strikes, no more misery and bitterness and fear. In fact, it would be as God intended it to be and longs for it to be.

" These little tablets contain the very few words of the prayer I want, if I can, to get the whole world to use. If the world *will* use it it will remake itself. And you can help.

" Any of you who wish can have one of the tablets. But, remember !—your accepting one means that you will use it."

They crowded round him, every man desirous of getting one. And each as he held it in the palm of his horny hand—a thing of exceeding beauty—gazed at it reverently—perhaps with something akin to fetish-worship, but with feelings such as some had never known before.

" Everything's all right, lads," cried Harry Kelt from the platform. " It's all down here in black and white—rents and baths and all. Now do you tell me to sign it for you all and that you'll all do your level to carry it out ? "

" Ay, ay, Harry ! Sign it and be dam to you ! "

" Any to th' contrary ? " asked Harry, as to the manner born.

" If there is we'll pitch him i' th' pit," shouted one, which sounded so incongruous

a commentary on his late talk that Carthew laughed out. But he understood. It was really the man's endorsement of his little sermon.

Then a cheer broke out as Mr. Sifton and one of his clerks came in through the side door, with books and a leather bag, and a very much more cheerful face than he had worn two days ago.

"You've done a fine bit of work, Colonel," he said, as Carthew went forward to welcome him.

"Give the credit where it's due," said Carthew heartily. "Everybody and everything have worked together for this good thing. I take it as a very hopeful augury."

"You'll go far, sir," said Sifton earnestly. "Two days ago things seemed hopeless here. You come—and something happens. . . . You made an extraordinary impression on the family up yonder,—you, and what you are out for, and those little tablets of yours. It nearly took my breath away—the new way they looked at things after your talk with them."

"If everybody, everywhere, would respond like that, what a world it would be! It's encouraging anyway."

When the men had at last all gone off, to pass on the good news, and the unexpected windfall, to their wives and families, Heytor insisted on the others coming up to the house with him for a cup of tea and some further talk.

He made a special point of Harry Kelt coming. Harry demurred.

"I got no better duds than these," he growled defiantly. "Had some, but spouted 'em to give th' kids a bit extra."

"Then they're honourable duds, Harry, and we'd sooner have you in them than in any others. It's yourself we want, my lad, duds or no duds."

"Well, I mun wash my hands, anyway."

"Oh, come along, man! I know there's a basin up there somewhere, and we'll all have a wash." And, having exhausted his resources, Harry climbed into the car with them.

Every now and again during tea, and while they smoked and fell into close discussion afterwards, he would sit up with a chuckle and look across at Heytor and say, below his breath,—"th' damned royaltyor!"

But that free talk in the smoke-clouds, where they spoke as man to man, and thrashed out little details about which Harry Kelt knew more than any of them, was extremely valuable. And it brought mighty joy to Carthew's soul.

CHAPTER XV

YOUNG Helm, Curate-in-Charge, came up to " The George " that evening to beg the Colonel to speak to his people in church the following day.

" They're all keen to hear all about it, sir, and I'll promise you a big house. The Bishop may spank me for it, but I don't care a da—rap. I know what's good for them a sight better than he does."

" It's good of you, Helm. But I've had to consider that matter. It's more than likely that I'll have many such requests. But . . . you won't misunderstand me, I'm sure . . . I feel very strongly that, if it is to touch the people as I hope, this matter must stand by itself, quite free from any organisation of any kind whatever. If it became a church or chapel matter . . . well, it would be just that and nothing more. You and I cannot close our eyes to the fact—the distressing fact—that the churches are *not* drawing the people in these days. I'll speak, and be glad to, in any place that is neutral ground."

" There's the big hall over the Market House. Time's short, but everybody's very keen on you and I've no doubt it could be managed."

" If you can fix that up, and announce it to your people, and get the others to tell

theirs about it, I'll be immensely grateful to you, Helm. You'll be lending a big hand to the work. . . . And, by the way, the hall will cost something, I suppose. Please refer them to me for everything."

"I'll see about it at once, Colonel. You'll probably need several meetings to tackle them all. Is it true, sir, that you've settled the Longley trouble?"

"Among us, I'm glad to say it's happily settled. The men go back to work on Monday, and in excellent temper."

"Splendid! Your leaven is working, sir. May it be an augury for your bigger matter!" and he went off to make arrangements for the morrow, while the Colonel and Jock strolled along to the forge for a crack with Jim Bassett. MacAndrew was busy in "The George" writing his account of the settlement of the Longley strike.

When it came out, with big headlines, in Monday's news, it made a huge sensation. For the Longley strike, by reason of its length and the apparent impasse it presented, had been much in the papers.

That settlement, and the fact that it was a kind of visible economic firstfruits of Carthew's great enterprise, focussed the mind of the public upon him more strongly than ever. It was, in the minds of many, the most striking endorsement of his peculiar outbreak that could have been given. And many who had read the first accounts of his doings at Beckton with a good-humoured shrug, as only one more of the queer things Carthew

was noted for, began to think there might be something in it after all.

To make an end of the Longley matter,—as soon as Carthew saw the reports he wrote to *The Times*, giving fullest credit to Lord Heytor and the Fossick family, and especially to Robert MacAndrew, without whose help the matter could never have been carried through.

And the result of that on MacAndrew's future was of the greatest. For it was that that started him on his distinguished and infinitely useful career as Trades' Disputes Conciliator,—a career which opened to him through his association with David Carthew. And he never forgot it, nor the Colonel's methods and all that lay behind them.

Three times, next day, the big hall over the Market was filled to its uttermost. For, in addition to all the Beckton folk and their neighbours, many of the Longley men and their wives came over as soon as they heard that Carthew was to speak.

They hung on to his words as he unfolded to them, quietly and simply as before, all that was in his heart as to the world's dire need and the only thing that could fully meet it and restore to life its soul. He explained the meaning and object and implications of his tokens and gave one to all who asked for it.

Many crowded round him after every meeting to ask this and that, and to each he gave of his best, in that courteously inspired and winning way of his which opened all hearts

to him and penetrated all barriers of reserve or prejudice.

Among the many Pressmen, who still buzzed around like bees after honey, came the Editor of the most influential of the religious weeklies.

He had read all that had so far been reported concerning Colonel Carthew and his New Hope for the World, and had been disposed to regard it somewhat doubtfully. In his time he had seen so many so-called religious revivals—had seen them flare up in showers of sparks like rockets, and fizzle out, leaving the darkness blacker than before. He had come to distrust new prophets and startling stunts, though he lamented, more keenly than most, that the older methods and even the best-known men were proving of small avail against the general downward drift. And he had probably heard more sermons and had critically studied more preachers than any man alive.

He determined to look into this Carthew matter himself, and went to the morning meeting with what he assured himself was an entirely impartial mind,—which meant that he was really doing his utmost to keep well-battened under hatches the natural prejudice which this kind of thing had inevitably come to arouse within him.

He attended all three meetings and took a thoughtful walk between each. And he had to acknowledge to himself that he was stirred and stimulated as he never had been in his life before.

In the evening he introduced himself to Carthew and they had a stroll together.

The Editor told him how deeply he had been impressed by all he had seen and heard.

" I am glad," said Carthew simply. " You endorse my own great hopes. You must help me all you can."

" That goes without saying. . . . I must tell you that I came somewhat in doubt,—not of yourself or your own genuine belief in your Message, but the doubt, born, I'm afraid, of seeing and hearing so much of—of——"

" Of this kind of thing," smiled Carthew.

" No—of things that are like this kind of thing but are somehow so very different. . . . Is it, I wonder, the way you deliver your Message——" he said musingly.

" No," said Carthew quickly. " It's the Message itself,—and the need the world is feeling for ' something '—it doesn't know what—when you can get it to stop for a moment and look itself squarely in the face. I'm nothing—just the wire to pass it on . . ."

" A live wire ! That's just exactly what you are—a live wire . . . and truly inspired, I do believe, for this great purpose. If you can carry through all you have it in your heart to do, I shall have more hope for the world than I've had for a long time past."

" It's very helpful to hear you speak so. But . . . the world ! . . . It's a terrifically big place when you get to thinking about it. . . . Truly, at times I feel overwhelmed with the immensity of it, and at any man having the temerity even to dream of tackling it."

"I'm sure. But—remember—it's those who dream dreams and see visions that other folks are blind to, who keep the Spirit alive to the coming of the Kingdom . . . You'll be coming to London? We need you there more than most places."

"I know. And I hope to get there. But I'm only feeling my way yet. The country will teach me a lot, I expect."

"I'm not at all sure of that . . . I wonder . . ." said the Editor, regarding him in perspective, as it were. "It's the perfectly clear and simple way in which you present the matter that captures people, I think. You don't argue——"

"I see nothing to argue. The need is there. Everybody is feeling it—in different degrees, of course. And there is the undoubted cure waiting for them. If one can get them to want the cure and keep on asking for it, I am quite certain those who do so will get it."

"The constant asking will bring its own answer in its influence on their daily lives."

"That is my hope and belief."

"It ought to. If you can get millions using that little prayer, it may alter the mentality of the world . . . and its spiritual outlook, which is approaching vanishing point. Those little tablets of yours are an inspiration. I heard some one saying they are really gold."

"More precious perhaps than much fine gold," said Carthew with a smile, "and we will hope turned to much finer purpose than

most gold. They are, at all events, the nearest approach to gold that has ever been made."

"They are so beautiful that one cannot help wanting to keep looking at them," said the Editor, drawing his out of his pocket and studying it. . . . "Yes, there is the answer to the world's need . . . if only you can get the world to accept it. . . . And if any man can, I believe you can, from what I've seen to-day. . . . Is it true that you've settled the Longley strike?"

"It is settled, thank God! But—credit where credit is due! Circumstances—or Providence—favoured us. You see, young Heytor happened to come down and we knew one another. He's a good fellow, and large-hearted through his unexpected elevation. Then I found an old friend in Harry Kelt, the men's leader. And young MacAndrew happened to be here and was a great help. He's a fine boy that, and he also happens to understand mines and miners. And Sifton, the manager, is an unusually good sort. So, you see,—well, it was simply a question of getting them all together and bringing some God-sense to bear on them, and it all worked out well."

"And the owners? They're generally the difficulty."

"The owners behaved well."

"I expect you talked to them."

"We discussed things over a cup of tea."

"And you gave them some of your tablets, I'll be bound."

"Well—yes, I did. Since they are for everybody I could hardly omit them."

But the Editor, who was somewhat of a mystic himself, perceived in the settlement of the Longley strike the firstfruits of the influence Carthew was trying to bring to bear on the life and thought of the world. And the significance of the tokens and their message grew still larger in his mind.

"I shall follow your course with the keenest interest," he said, quietly but weightily. "You have given me new hope for the world, and I shall pray constantly your own little prayer and that you may be spared to see the fruition of it. If there are any special ways in which I can be of service to you, let me know. I will do all I can."

And that, from such a man, meant much.

Carthew went to bed that night tired in body but mightily uplifted in spirit. The way to the hearts of the people had been opened to him, and he was a very grateful man.

. . . . . .

Now these first days of Colonel Carthew's Great Adventure have been told at length because they were—with many variations, of course—very typical of much that followed.

In his journeyings he was constantly running up against trade disputes, and, in the spirit of his hope and endeavour, he could not see it right to pass by on the other side without doing his utmost to heal the trouble.

He could, indeed, have used all his time on

such matters, for unsettlement and ill-feeling were rife. But these were only the outward and visible symptoms of the universal sickness of the body politic, and his hope and aim were to restore that to health of mind and spirit. The rest, he knew, would follow.

CHAPTER XVI

IN his next issue the Editor gave his readers his very full and carefully considered views on this "New Hope for the World," as he called it.

His paper had a very large circulation in all parts of the world. His whole-hearted endorsement of Carthew's idea carried immense weight everywhere. And he asked his fellow-editors to help the great work by every means in their power, and to make use of his article in any way they chose.

Here, he said, was a direct and valiant attempt to bring Life face to face with its own desperate need—a need every thoughtful man, and he believed many of the outwardly heedless, had been feeling with growing dread. And here, as simply and directly as in the years 30–33, was The Way—The Only Way—brought home to them for their acceptance.

He described his own feelings as he sat among the eager listeners at Carthew's meetings—did his best to make them see and hear and feel him just as he and all about him had seen and heard and felt him.——

—A New Power for Good in the world, he said;—and as he sat there a new hope sprang up within him, and grew and grew.

He could not explain it, for Colonel Carthew's words were of the simplest and he

assumed no oratorical gestures, no rhetorical graces.

But that tall commanding figure in the strange robe was instinct with a power that was new to him,—the power of one aflame with divine purpose, dedicated wholly to one great aim, and ready to give his whole life to it and, if needs be, for it—the power of a man who believes with his whole soul and all that is within him in the Message he feels himself appointed to deliver.

He tried to convey to his readers what—in spite of his dislike of clichés—he could only describe as "magnetic personality" and "spiritual dynamic" in their ultimate degree.

But, he told them, no words of his could bring it fully home to them. They must hear and see him for themselves.

He described and dilated on the tokens—their chaste beauty and the vital simplicity and directness of their appeal.

Here again, with a quiet gibe at his own inconsistency, was a cliché, but truly a cliché of clichés—a veritable inspiration, an undoubted and very great power for good. He confessed that he could not refrain from pulling out his own to look at, many times a day. It was to him a thing of exceeding beauty and of infinite import—a symbol of an unusual man's unusual idea—a joyful possession, and truly worth many times its weight in gold. (Whereupon the rumour grew that this was another of Colonel Carthew's eccentricities and that the tokens really were gold.)

He described the audiences, rapt, silent,

eager, wonderful in the intensity of their concentration. . . . " I have been," he said, " in perhaps more churches, and listened to more preachers than most people, but never have I seen audience and speaker in such perfect accord as here. One could not but feel that here was a great want receiving exactly what it wanted in exactly the right way. Inevitably I thought of others who had swayed multitudes to loftier planes of thought and action,—of Peter the Hermit, of St. Paul, and of the Greatest Leader of all whom Colonel Carthew rejoices to serve."

And, in conclusion, he said, " In due course Colonel Carthew will come to London, and many will have the opportunity of hearing his Message from his own lips. Let none, who can, miss that opportunity ; for acceptance of that Message, and personal endorsement of it, and loyal performance of its implications and obligations may, and I fervently believe will, save the world from the abyss to which it is so carelessly speeding.

" But how Colonel Carthew will ever be able to speak to all who will want to hear him, one cannot imagine. He will not speak in any church or chapel. Not because he has any feeling against them—much the reverse. He hopes they will, every one of them, endorse his Message and will, constantly and unfailingly, press it home. But he feels strongly that his Message is for all men everywhere, without any distinction whatever. And so he will identify himself with no sect or class or organisation.

"And—this will interest some—like the prophet of old—Colonel Carthew calls to everyone to 'Come . . . without money and without price!'—indeed that whole fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah seems to me remarkably applicable to the man and his mission. For he accepts no monetary assistance—permits no collection for expenses—pays everything out of his own pocket. He is a very wealthy man. His father, the well-known and highly-esteemed David Carthew, of Glasgow and the East, made a large fortune by honourable trading which benefited the world as well as himself. His son is dedicating it and himself to the redemption of a world which is running to waste.

"May God speed him!

"He may be the harbinger of a new era in the life of the world."

CHAPTER XVII

CARTHEW bade a quiet farewell to his friends on the Sunday night. He comforted Jim Bassett with the promise that as soon as he felt the need of his help he would send for him. And soon after dawn next day he went quietly off in his car.

No matter where he went now he was known, and in most places heartily welcomed. The Sunday papers had been full of him, both in print and picture. The people flocked to hear him and to get the golden tokens.

He met with occasional ridicule and attempts at opposition, of course. That was only to be expected. What reformer ever travelled a perfectly smooth road ?

But his winning ways, and the clear outshining of the white flame of his belief and endeavour, generally won the day ; and the small but noisy gangs, whose avowed end and aim was to make life impossible for any but themselves, were generally won to silence, either by his good " God-sense " as he would have called it, or by the determined attitude of those about them.

Disputes between employers and workers were rife and were constantly being referred to him, and he felt it an essential

part of his work to do his utmost to solve them.

Outside a small village in Derbyshire he had one startling experience which exercised his mind profoundly.

He had spoken to the people on the Village Green, and was passing along to the next town, when, from a lonely wayside cottage, a man came running out, with eager face and shining eyes, and resting his hands on the door of the car, panted :

" Colonel !—sur !—will you give my girl a word and one of them gold tokens ? She couldn' come to th' meeting, because she's crippled. Hasn't set foot to ground for five years and more. She saw you comin' and axed me to run after you."

" Surely ! " said Carthew, as he got down. " It's sad to be like that. How old is she ? "

" Eighteen, sir, and hasn't walked a step since she were thirteen."

As they passed through the narrow doorway into the front room of the cottage, the girl's eager white face, and eyes strained and shining with expectancy, filled Carthew with profoundest pity.

He bent over the old sofa, placed where she could see the moor and the passing in the road, and stretched a sympathetic hand to her. Her unnaturally soft hand reached eagerly for his, and clung to it as a drowning hand clings to chance of safety. He could feel the caged life in her throbbing convulsively. It felt like a captured bird trying to escape.

Then, to his surprise, her weight was pulling on his arm. She was lifting herself stiffly on her couch. Higher—still higher—till she dropped her feet on to the floor and stood, staring bewilderedly at him from wide, startled eyes.

He would have withdrawn his hand, but she clung to it with both of hers and would not let go.

She sank back again for a moment on to the couch as though to rest after such unusual exertion.

Then she drew herself up again . . . till she stood upright . . . and stiffly essayed to walk. And all the time her wide wondering eyes were fixed on his. She had never taken her eyes off his from the moment he entered the house.

"I can walk," she whispered dazedly.

"She can walk," gasped her father.

"She can walk," echoed her mother. "It is a miracle."

But Carthew had seen similar cases among his wounded, and knew that it was simply a case of neurasthenia—that the sudden urge of her desire, and the powerful effect of his own stronger personality, had stirred to activity her long-laxed muscles and given back to her her dormant powers.

But, while he rejoiced to have been of such service to her, he saw in a flash that this was not in the way of his appointed work. If it got about that he could cure diseases he would be overwhelmed with applications for such help, and his greater

mission would be overshadowed by the lesser one. It would be fatal to his hopes. The cure of bodies would never save the soul of the world.

So he set himself quietly to explain to them that here was no miracle but just a quite ordinary case of the power of mind over matter. And he urged them to say very little about it and told them why.

The man was a shepherd and of a thoughtful mind. Up on the moors there he had ample time to think things out for himself. He perhaps but dimly understood Carthew's explanation of the matter, but he was very grateful for what had happened, and he promised to say as little about it as might be possible.

"'Twere sure God sent you this way, sur," he said, "an' we're not like any of us to forget it or you."

"I am right glad to have been of service," said Carthew. Then he gave them each one of his sigils and briefly explained them to them. And then, with a final shake of the hand all round, and a cheery order to the girl to keep doing but to progress slowly, he set off again amid their heartfelt "God bless you, sur!"

But this matter, and the possibility of its recurrence elsewhere, exercised him sorely. Had he the right to leave undone anything that was possible to him—to pass by on the other side and leave the helpless where they lay? Was that consistent with the spirit of his Message?

As he sped on his way he debated it closely and frankly with himself.

What would his Master do in similar case—and in present circumstances?

In His own days He healed the sick undoubtedly. But the healing of the sick was only incidental to His mission, not the soul of it. The results at that time had been all to the good and had drawn attention to and endorsed His teaching.

Would similar results follow now?—even if he himself possessed any power beyond an unusually powerful will for good which might be beneficial in certain cases.

He felt certain they would not. Times and circumstances had changed. There had been in recent years "Healers" who went about the country and were said to cure diseases in ways little short of miraculous. They drew crowds, but their mission seemed always to end there. Whether their cures were permanent he did not know. But he did know that they raised in many minds a very decided scepticism regarding both themselves and their claims.

No!—his aim was the healing of men's souls, and he decided that he must stick unflinchingly to that. If the soul of Life could be won to better things, its body would follow suit and there would be no need for miracles of healing.

The settlement of trade-disputes seemed to him in a different category and all in keeping with his highest aims. For, in such, he was working to introduce that better spirit into

the life of the world which he believed to be its only hope. And every dispute so settled on his loftier lines was a victory for the Spirit of Right—an object-lesson and incentive to others to do the same.

CHAPTER XVIII

BUT, received as he was almost everywhere, with eager curiosity and warm welcome, it would have been too much to expect that he should not at times bump up against opposing forces.

For that he was prepared, and he met and faced each difficulty with the brave imperturbability, and undaunted courage, and sympathetic understanding, which had made him such a power among the wild, untameable desert chieftains.

In more than one of the larger manufacturing centres, where unemployment was rife and feelings bitter, there would appear at his meetings a sprinkling of noisy extremists, come for the sole purpose of making nuisances of themselves and showing the world what a mess they would make of it if they got their own way.

Then, with his one arm raised, and looking full ten feet high in that strange, graceful robe, with its rows of many-coloured ribbons which told so wonderful a story, he would win them to momentary silence and get at them with,—

"Boys—let us have British fair-play. If we all talk at once no one will hear anything. Suppose we take it in turns. One done, t'other comes on. Now, will you take first

turn or shall I ? "—and all so winningly that as a rule they agreed and told him to go ahead.

And, when that happened, in most cases, before he had finished, the noisy ones had become silent. For he showed them that he understood and sympathised with their revolt against life's bitter wrongs, and that his one aim and hope was to get them done away with by the bringing into the world of such a spirit as would render them impossible.

That was—in the genuine ones amongst them—their aim also, but when they attempted to expound the methods by which they hoped to attain it they were so wild and crude that as a rule the audience declined to listen to them. And some, of course, made it plain beyond doubt that if they had their way they would make the world impossible to any but themselves—and therefore impossible to themselves also.

He was heckled at times about the various Leagues. Did he believe in the League of Nations ?—The League to Abolish War ? The League of Youth ?—and so on.

And to all he replied that he believed in them all and wished them all success. But he claimed that, excellent in intention as they all were, still more was needed if the Spirit of Life was to be renewed and Life generally lifted to the highest plane. All these, fully lived up to by all nations, should secure the world's peace and prosperity.

But he wanted more even than that—soul peace and happiness which, if they could be

attained, would ensure all these great, but still minor, benefits—from above, and so upon a wider and surer foundation than any made of man. The New Life must be founded on God, not upon Leagues however good they might be.

CHAPTER XIX

ANOTHER curious experience he had, upon which he used to look back with peculiar pleasure.

It was up in Yorkshire. He was crossing the moors from Castleton to Sheffield, when he came upon a little gray stone town which, small as it was, was still a local centre, and was that day buzzingly alive with all the activities of an annual fair. There were folks from all the moorland farms for miles round—an opportunity not to be lost.

Before he could get away again it was growing dark and beginning to rain. They pressed him to stay and offered him all kinds of hospitality. But he was anxious to get on as there was a busy day before him on the morrow, and he sped off into the lonely darkness of the moor.

He was, he reckoned, about half-way across when a waving red lamp just in front brought him to a stop by the side of the road. And, while he was still peering along the widening shafts of his headlights to see what was wrong, suddenly and silently, out of the nearer darkness on each side of him, appeared the barrel of a revolver, one at each window, and a gruff voice growled, " 'Ands oop ! "—but in such a quaint, homely, Yorkshire intonation

that the incongruity of it set him smiling in spite of the menacing barrels, and Jock emitted a remonstrative yelp.

With a touch he turned off the headlights and flicked on the lights inside the car, and his keen eyes, trained in the school where a mistake meant death, rapidly took in several things.—The sudden illumination showed him a masked face behind each revolver, and, though he still sat quietly smiling, induced in him the momentary cold creepiness which a black mask, with hostile eyes peering through the holes in it, cannot fail to do.—Showed him also that the revolvers were old German army weapons and that the magazines were empty, though of course there might be one cartridge actually in position inside the barrel.

One glance each side showed him all this, but as the lights blazed up there came from each masked face a startled exclamation,—

"Damnation!"

"It's t' padre!"

"T' padre for sure, boys," said Carthew genially, "and not a bit afraid of your old guns—especially since they're not loaded. Come inside and let's talk it over. You're getting very wet out there," and he pushed open the door. "Come on!" as they hung in the wind. "I won't hurt you. You're two to one anyway, and I've only got one arm."

And after a moment's hesitation the one opposite the open door climbed in and the

other followed, both shamefacedly, and very dank and dripping.

Carthew flung a big mackintosh over his couch-bed and they sank down on it. Jock sniffed them briefly and then retired to a corner and watched them hypnotically.

" My word ! You look cold," said Carthew sympathetically.

" Ay," said one bitterly. " We're clemmed. That's why . . ."

" We can soon remedy that anyway," said Carthew, and opened a locker and produced a big packet of sandwiches and a tin of biscuits and some bananas. " Fall to, boys, and I'll have some coffee hot in two minutes." And he set to work on a Primus stove and a kettle, while the would-be highwaymen wolfed the unexpected provender.

" Take off those silly masks," he said. " You'll eat more comfortably without them. You don't need to fear. I won't give you away. I'm out to help, not to make trouble, as perhaps you know," and as the comforting smell of the coffee began to fill the car, the masks were plucked off, disclosing two lean white faces which more than endorsed the statement that their owners were ' clemming.'

" It's a bad look-out when you chaps are driven to this," said Carthew sympathetically.

" Ay . . . it's bad. . . . But when you've had nowt to eat for over a day you don't care what you do so's you get summat."

" I can believe that. I've been hard set many a time out in the desert, but it's not good for any man."

" Have yo' ivver robbed to eat ? " asked the other contentiously.

" I've robbed the enemy, if you can call that robbing."

" Ay—well,—them as 'as is th' enemy o' them as 'asn't."

" No. I won't admit that. In some cases I'm afraid it's true, but not by any means in all. And you mustn't condemn all because some are wrong 'uns. I wouldn't like to say all Yorkshiremen are highwaymen . . ."

At which one of them grunted a guffaw. He had just taken his first big drink of the well-sweetened coffee.

" You were both out yonder, I suppose," said Carthew, sizing them up with a glance.

" Ay," said one dourly, " we was both out there . . . an' ruddy black times they was . . ."

" We nivver clemmed anyway," growled the other.

" No, they fed us right enough, if they did chuck us away like muck."

" Where were you ? "

" Vimy."

" Who with ? "

" First Army—Sir 'Enery 'Orne." Carthew nodded.

" And you ? "

" Cambrai, wi' Julian Byng, an' I wish to God I was back there."

" Me too," said the other. " We nivver clemmed out there."

Then he saw them suddenly glance sharply at one another and stiffen. And away in the

darkness he saw two bright joggling lights approaching swiftly, now close together, now apart, and he heard the hurried throb of engines.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Th' patrol," and they made as though to escape while yet there was time.

"Sit tight! I'll see you through. Give me those masks and revolvers," and he threw them into a locker and snapped it tight.

"Got your pipes? Here's tobacco. Light up, and look as if you were at home!"—as two motor-bikes whirled up alongside.

A peaked cap, and a clean, red, official face, with rain dripping from peak and nose, appeared at the window.

"Anything wrong?" queried the official voice hopefully.

"Nothing wrong,—thank you, Sergeant!" said Carthew. "We're just having a smoke and chat by the wayside——"

"Sir to you, sir! Colonel Carthew, isn't it?—by your likeness to your pictures."

"Quite right, Sergeant. You're having a damp ride. How does a cup of hot coffee strike you?"

"Strikes me warm, sir, if you can spare it. There's two of us . . . Thompson—hot coffee!—Colonel Carthew!" and he drew back an inch or two to let his underling approach and salute their host.

"These two were at Vimy and Cambrai," said Carthew. "Where did you suffer yourself, Sergeant?"

"Somme, mostly, Colonel, and a dam bad time we had of it."

"I were at Bomonammel an' the Anker," growled Thompson in the rear, not to be done out of his share.

"And you've no wish to go through it all again?"

"Lord, no, sir!—not if they made me a Colonel."

"Haven't time to come inside for a minute or two, I suppose?" suggested Carthew hospitably.

"Afraid not, sir. We've got a big round. Some rascals been frightening people on these blighted moors. Some folks is easily frightened nowadays. Not seen anything of them, I suppose, sir?" and his official eyes roved questioningly over the two on the couch, puffing stolidly and putting up as much of a smoke-screen as they could between themselves and Fate.

"No, I've not seen anything to frighten me yet, Sergeant. Have another cup?"

"Don't mind if I do, sir, since you're so pressing. Good stuff that! Warms one's heart. . . . And, 'scuse me for asking, Colonel, —what about one of those gold tokens I've read about. I'd like to get one for the missus. So would Thompson here, I know."

"Rather!" said Thompson, smacking his lips over the coffee.

"Surely! Here's one for each of you and one for each of the ladies—with my best wishes to you all."

"If you get everyone to your way of thinking, Colonel, we'll lose our jobs," said the Sergeant, with a deprecatory laugh.

"And a good job too," said Carthew. "When that good time comes we'll all have better jobs, and the world will be a better place to live in."

"Ay! 'Twill that, sir. . . . Well, we must be getting along. Good luck to you, sir, and mercy bohcoo for the coffee!"—with which brilliant peroration and a touch of the cap, they mounted and whirred away into the night.

The effect of all this on the two on the couch was remarkable, and a lasting joy to Carthew.

As the official menace disappeared, the bluff assumption of nonchalance which had supported them through the ordeal crumpled and they sank down laxed and weary-looking.

Carthew busied himself at the back of the car. He was curious to know what they were feeling. But he wanted it to come out of its own accord, without any lead from himself. It would be the more genuine that way.

And at length, the older of the two, the Vimy man, lurched up on to his feet and cleared his throat nervously several times and then jerked huskily, "Sur . . . You done us straight. . . . You're a white man. . . . If there was more like you there'd be less like us. . . . An' . . . an' . . . we're sorry——"

"Sit down, lads, and let's talk it over! If you're sorry, I'm glad,"—and often, in

his lonely journeyings, he looked back with heartfelt joy upon the hour he spent with his two very-amateur highwaymen on rain-swept Totley Moor that night.

He began by asking them if they felt they could trust him.

" Trust you, sur ? Ay. . . . You didn' give us away. We c'n trust you."

So, bit by bit, he learned their stories,—the sad, and all-too-common stories of men worn to the raw in the fruitless search for work, and driven at last to desperate deeds from sheer desperate need.

His heart ached for them and for the vast numbers of their fellows in like evil case. He had no word of condemnation for the line they had taken. He understood.

He was learning, in his travels, that in many of the districts where unemployment was rifest, the relief allowed by law had had to be cut and cut until it was no more than an aid to starvation. The wolf had his nose inside many a door and gnashed and gnawed at those within.

He talked things over quietly with them and learned all he could about them, and in the end he carried them on into Sheffield, gave them something for the wives and children at home, and promised to look them up on the morrow, and also to see if he could not find work of some kind for them.

As they were getting out of the car, the Vimy man asked, with anxious diffidence, as though he knew he had no right to make such a request, " Would ye mind, sur,—

could ye let us each have one o' them things you giv' t' Sergeant ? "

They went off with the tokens in their hands, and Carthew went on to find a bed for the night, thankful that he had been able to put new hope into the hearts of two needy brothers.

CHAPTER XX

SUCH then was the man,—and such his aims,—and such his valiant attempt at the realisation of them.

To tell in detail all, or indeed but a small part of what befell him in his Great Adventure, would take many volumes.

He passed like a blessing through the land, and everywhere left behind him a new comprehension of whither Life was drifting, and a new great Hope, and an immense and ever-growing desire for its completest fulfilment.

Wherever he went a new spirit of friendliness and brotherhood was born into the world. The complex machinery of life ran more smoothly, and therefore more swiftly and more profitably, in the rarer and more sympathetic atmosphere he everywhere induced. And his little tokens,—surely an inspiration, as Jenkins had said—played no small part in the matter.

Prized by all for their intrinsic beauty, they seemed to many mystically endowed with the spirit of the man and his Message. They were treasured and constantly used,—in time, by millions, and the visible results were a distinct quickening of the public conscience, a softening of the asperities of private life, a general mellowing and genialising of the whole social atmosphere.

Men could not look at the Colonel's token, —propped up on the mantelpiece, or carried by many in the pocket,—and set out as of old to grind their neighbours' faces or filch the money from their pockets.

When he had passed on, that trail of golden tokens lay wide over the land like a perpetual glow of sunshine, and kept the memory of him bright and fresh. Yes, truly, the golden tokens were an inspiration.

He spoke in all the large towns to mighty audiences,—and spoke always as simply and weightily and winningly as to the farming-folk that first day at Beckton-on-the-Wold.

Many, of course, came to hear and see him merely out of curiosity. But no man who heard him ever went home quite the same man.

For, always he managed to win through the armour of reserve—or it might be of self-consciousness or selfishness—in which most men encase themselves, and stirred the better man within which never wholly dies in any man. For—he set them thinking; and the future, on any lines but those he indicated, simply would not bear thinking about.

Possibly the thing which made those huge crowds flock to hear him, as they did not flock to even the best-known preachers, was the fact that here was a man who, for the sake of a great idea, had made a complete revolution in his life,—from being a Man of War, with honours galore and a world-wide reputation, he had suddenly become a mighty Apostle of Peace.—A man who had nothing whatever to gain—and, many would say, everything to

lose by the strange line he had taken.—A man of great wealth, who was devoting it and himself without stint to the carrying out of a lofty altruism—the good of his fellows and the uplifting of life.

Yes,—he was certainly very unusual—almost unique in history, and absolutely so to his times. No wonder he captured the minds, and presently the hearts, of the multitudes.

Many great preachers went to hear him,—to study the man and his methods,—to learn what they could of his extraordinary power of attraction.

But it was not either the man or his methods that prevailed with the people, though these had their uses in drawing them together.

Like all the rest, the professionals could not but acknowledge the spell that tall, gracious, quaintly-robed figure cast upon them, and his manner was simplicity itself. But it was the simplicity of a majestic personality, perfervent with the highest that man is capable of—the passion for men's souls.

A lifetime of wonderful experiences had gone to the making of him, and the resultant entity was not to be apprehended by any amount of observation.

His voice also was very remarkable. He spoke apparently without the slightest exertion, conversationally almost, and in so strangely fascinating a way that every single person in his audience, no matter how vast, felt as though his appeal was addressed personally to himself.

And, in the same way, his kindly penetrating eyes seemed to seek out and dwell upon each one individually, and thrilled them with the conviction that the message he brought them was specifically intended for himself or herself.

Every single one of them went home with the feeling of having been in close, friendly, personal touch with a great soul whose only desire was their individual good. "He looked at *me;* he spoke to *me*," they said, and felt the richer for that fine contact.

His talk was always simple, but always right to the point, and was rarely twice the same, except in the great essential of his Message.

He had an unlimited fund of personal experience to draw upon. Probably no man then living had seen and done what he had, and he would tell them of these things in a way that held them rapt and spellbound, and so he would lead on to the final, vital urge of his Message,—that the world was countering God's hope and wish for it, and that its one overpowering need to-day was the reintroduction into it of, and the recharging of it with, the Spirit of Christ.

And that Spirit, he said simply, was the spirit of absolute Truth and Right between every man and every man. And, above all, the spirit of Love—as children of One Father, the spirit of perfect brotherhood, of wide understanding, and unfailing self-sacrifice.

If that Christ-Spirit could be got back into the world and actively at work in it—what a world it would be!

And he would picture it to them as he saw it with his soul's eye. And they would go home longing that it might be. And always with his last words ringing in their hearts,—"I tell you,—it *can* be! It rests entirely with yourselves—with *you!*—and *you!*" (and every man there felt that long finger point straight at himself). "Ask for it, understandingly—and keep on asking and it will be given to you!"

CHAPTER XXI

NO more than a lightning-glance can be given at the progress of this latest pilgrim towards the Delectable Mountains and the Celestial City of his soul's abounding hope for his fellows.

In eighteen strenuous months he had spoken to many millions in Great Britain and Scotland and Ireland, and his golden tokens were treasured and used by still more millions.

He had found it impossible, of course, to give these personally as he had wished. At his great meetings in the large cities he had had to avail himself of the voluntary help which was always eagerly tendered him, or the halls would never have emptied. Always there were many eager for tokens for their friends, and he refused none, on the understanding that acceptance by anyone carried with it the obligation of constant usage. Over twenty million tokens kept his message alive in the hearts of his countrymen.

After deep consideration he decided that Europe needed his Message even more at the moment than America ; though, indeed, the need there was as great as it had been at home and her people were eager for him.

But the urgency which claimed him first for Europe was the fact that, there, peace

ever hung in the balance through the old racial animosities and jealousies, which any trifling dispute might precipitate into war at any moment. And that in spite of all the preventive measures so carefully fostered to ensure universal peace. Man, after all, is very human, and not to be counted on with absolute certainty when he is led to believe that his rights are jeopardised or his toes are being trodden on.

Carthew had at first been doubtful as to how the Governments abroad would regard his mission. But his doubts had vanished before the many urgent requests for him to come, from one after another.

They had watched carefully all that he did and said, and the reports of their trusted agents were entirely favourable.

The whole atmosphere of Britain—save the purely physical which was beyond his influence—was enormously improved as the result of his persistent and indomitable efforts. Wherever the seed he sowed fell on any but the stoniest ground there had followed a continually increasing harvest of all-round betterment, a slackening in the feverish pursuit of money and selfish pleasure, a new neighbourliness, a thoughtfulness for others which had been sadly lacking, a new and better feeling between employers and workers, a sense of personal responsibility for the general well-being. And, as a result of all these improving relationships, a distinctly more hopeful outlook in all material matters.

The burdened nations of Europe craved

equal amenities, and one after another, instead of his having to beg their permission as he had expected, they sent him urgent requests to come to them and do likewise.

To obviate any possible ill-feeling, since his mission must be without offence to any, he accepted these invitations in the order in which they came to him,—Germany, Belgium and Holland, the Scandinavian Kingdoms, France, not to be outdone by Germany, Italy, the Balkan States, and in course of time, Russia, slowly emancipating herself from the harsh rule of her extremists, and anxious now for a place in the Comity of Nations and a return to the mystic faith of her forebears.

Spain, under military rule, hung back. The people rose *en masse* and demanded a share in the new order of things, and the dictators gave way. Portugal had long since invited him to come to her, but through the exigencies of his travel she had to wait until Spain had settled her difficulties and desired him.

Through all these countries he travelled, speaking to many of them in their own tongues, and leaving behind him everywhere a new hope in life, and a broad track of his gleaming sigils, in their own languages, to keep that hope alive.

Before leaving England he took his faithful little friend, Jock, down to Capt. Burnett in Kent, and the parting from him was the sorest thing he had suffered for many a day.

He had had to disappoint Jim Bassett's hopes of a share in the Great Adventure.

For a very short experience showed him that after a strenuous day's work, solitude and the hill-top were absolute necessities to him. For the day's work, in spite of his apparently quiet accomplishment of it, took a very great deal out of him, by reason of his burning passion for men and their redemption.

The companionship of any human being, with its necessary accompaniment of even the slightest intercourse, would have become unbearable.

With Jock nestling under his hand, and giving it an occasional understanding lick, while his brown eyes rested worshippingly on the one he loved best in the world, they were both supremely happy. And at such times the senior partner's thoughts were free to climb the heavenly places and find new strength therein for the morrow.

So parting with Jock was a very sore matter for him. It left a blank in his life which nothing could fill until his work should be accomplished and they could be together again.

And the man at all events, knew that that might never be. For the world is very wide and full of all the possibilities of mischance for those who travel it in unaccustomed ways.

So, having stopped one night with the Burnetts, and assured himself of their uttermost care and love for his little friend, Carthew kissed him between the eyes, bade him keep his spirits up and look forward to the happy time when they would be parted no more,

and drove hastily away. And for many days that parting lay heavy on him.

It took him a little over two years of incessant travel to scatter the white seeds of his endeavour over Europe. Much more he would have desired to do, but the rest of the wide world called for him.

He could only sow his seed broadcast and trust to it propagating and spreading by its own essential vitality. And that it did, and his soul rejoiced in the knowledge that, in spite of many hindrances and set-backs, the lands he had visited were without doubt the happier for his having been there.

Everywhere he left behind him a new hope and a growing desire for its realisation. Yet everywhere there were also, and mostly in high places, strongholds of the old materialistic spirit which scoffed at his endeavour and cared for nothing but the perpetuation of the old order of things.—That vicious old order which held for them all that made life worth living,—the opportunities of self-aggrandisement through the exploitation of their fellows, and the pursuit of pleasure which knew no satisfaction and but grew the more rapacious for all it fed upon.

CHAPTER XXII

A MIGHTY welcome awaited him in the States and Canada. In the former, especially, material prosperity was great; but to the thoughtful there and the observant, there were signs of spiritual and moral decadence as grievous almost as in the Old World.

So they received him gladly and had but one grievance against him—that he would accept none of the personal hospitality which they delighted to shower so profusely upon their distinguished visitors.

But he felt it essential to the spirit of his Message. Always and uncompromisingly he set the Message first and above all else, and the messenger nowhere. And his refusals were always so charming and so graceful that none could really feel hurt thereby.

His meetings there were enormous and he spoke in many languages with most telling effect. His sigils were available for every man in his own tongue. They were greatly sought after and reverently prized. And they did their appointed work.

The President sent him an urgent invitation to Washington, and they had a memorable hour's talk together at the White House.

He went through Cuba and the West

Indian Islands, and on to the South American republics, and so, back by Panama to New York and thence to Canada.

Mexico needed him badly but would have none of him.

In Canada he spoke to multitudes in the large cities, and by wireless to the still greater multitudes scattered far and wide over the boundless territories. They clamoured for sigils and he had to devise methods of supplying them.

From Canada he went across to Japan, and to China, settling down at last under a united central government, and assiduously rebuilding her mangled life on firm foundations. They needed him and rejoiced at his coming and profited by it.

Then to Australia and New Zealand, and in due course to India, where his simple Message of the Christ-Spirit, without any Western accretions, ran through the land like a beneficent flame, to his vast amazement and untellable joy. But, though Western Civilisation and Western Christianity had in some ways jarred them sorely, the Man Christ, human and divine, had captured their hearts. And Carthew's Message was all in the straight line of their needs.

The Cape, and other attainable parts of Africa, he took on his way home, and landed at Southampton just five years and one month from the time he set out on the Great Adventure.

He was very grateful for safe conduct through it all, and for the assurance he

could not but feel that it had been of service to mankind.

The World was not wholly saved, but it had received his Message for the most part eagerly and gratefully. It had been forced to think. It had been brought face to face with the end of the road it had been travelling so blindly and so heedlessly. It knew what that end must be—unless . . .

CHAPTER XXIII

ON his arrival in London, Carthew found awaiting him, among many others, two pressing invitations which he could not well decline.

One was from the King, asking him to come to Buckingham Palace so that he might congratulate Colonel Carthew on his safe return and might hear from his own lips an account of his travels.

The other was from the Lord Mayor, begging him to name an early day on which to receive at Guildhall the Freedom of the City and the thanks of an illustrious company there to be assembled, for the wonderful work he had done and the benefit the world had already experienced from it.

Carthew's one desire was to recover his little friend Jock and then to return as speedily as possible to his beloved Downs, to find there the rest and recuperation he was sorely needing.

He desired no such public recognition of his service. It jarred upon him.

But these suggestions were kindly intentioned and it would have been churlish to refuse.

He was bronzed and well, and his eyes shone radiant still with the fire of his great endeavour. But, though he looked taller and more majestic than ever, his face was lean

and worn, and he was, bodily, a tired man. For no man, however great his strength of soul and will, can give himself unstintedly to so mighty a purpose for five years on end without showing some signs of it in his mortal frame.

So—the earliest possible day for these two appointments, and then to Jock and the Downs and rest!

He had done a great work. He was profoundly grateful for the Help which had carried him through. The world generally was undoubtedly the happier and the healthier for what he had been enabled to do. It seemed to him that it only needed now something—he knew not what, but just something more—to bring his hopes to fullest fruition.

What that something more might be had not yet been disclosed to him. Possibly the rest and communion he sought on the Downs would enlighten him.

The two appointments were finally arranged for the same day, Wednesday,—the Palace at three o'clock,—the Guildhall at half-past four. For the few days between he disappeared into the country.

He went quietly down to the Burnetts' house in Kent, and the welcome he received there gladdened his heart and swept away from it any memories he might have of the dangers and trials of his journeyings.

Jock was sitting in the porch with a wistful face, as though he had been on the outlook for him since the day he drove away.

At sight of the tall, dark figure getting out of the car, he gave one wild screech of delight and hurled himself at it with broken attempts at all he felt.

The Beloved One was back. All was well with the world and he was the happiest little dog in the whole of it.

The papers had of course been full of Carthew's return, and the reporters, if they could have found him, would have given him no peace. But, to the one or two who did succeed in locating him, he smilingly explained that, until he had seen the King, he would feel it discourteous to His Majesty to talk even to the Press, and he declined to say a word. They had to make the most they could out of that and succeeded amazingly,—making, like the Israelites of old, bricks of sorts without any straw.

Most of us have been struck, many times, by the strange interweaving of the complex strands of life,—how one thing depends on another apparently quite unrelated to it,—how far apart may be the starting-places of the lines which, when they meet, produce such strange results,—how infinitesimally small may be the causes which alter the whole current of life. And it is interesting at times to trace back, link by link, from the result to its obvious cause ;—which, as a rule, is as far as one can go, for behind that lie links and links beyond one's power of fathoming.

Mrs. James Briggs, widow, was caretaker

of a flat in Ashley Place, just round the corner from Victoria Station.

Her boy, Jimmie, was five years old. At a Sunday-school Christmas-party he had received as his present a red-blue-and-green rubber ball, which was his chiefest possession and the joy of his life.

On that Wednesday, Mrs. Briggs and Jimmie had been invited to take tea with Mrs. Briggs's sister, who kept a cake-and-sweet-shop in a small by-way off Cannon Street. Dressed in their best, they set off for Victoria Station to take the Underground to Mansion House,—Jimmie hugging his precious ball without which he refused to stir a step. No knowing what might happen to a ball such as that unless it was kept well under its owner's eyes!

They fell in with a neighbour, also going by the Underground, and the two had much to talk about.

As they went down the stairs to the platform there passed down in front of them a tall strange-looking figure in a long dark-grey robe.

"Know who that is?" whispered the neighbour.

And Mrs. Briggs nodded, while Jimmie Briggs clasped his ball the tighter lest the strange tall man should have designs upon it.

The King had been so deeply interested in Carthew's talk that it was after four o'clock before he was half satisfied. He knew, however, of the Colonel's appointment at the Guildhall, and as he shook him very warmly

by the hand, and exacted a promise of another visit at the earliest possible date, he laughingly said :

" You'll be late at Guildhall, Colonel. Put all the blame on me,"—and to an attendant—" Telephone to the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, saying that Colonel Carthew is on his way and that it was I who made him late."

Carthew took a taxi to Victoria, as the Underground would be quicker than the congested streets.

On the platform he stood modestly in the shadow below the stairs. Mrs. Briggs and her friend and Jimmie stood in front of him, the women talking volubly, Jimmie goggle-eyed and open-mouthed at the wonders of the world.

A flower-woman with a heavy basket came hurrying along as the train was just coming out of the tunnel, and all unconsciously she joggled Jimmie's elbow. The precious ball shot out of his hand and bounced along and off the platform.

With a cry he was after it—on to the line.

A tall grey figure sprang forward, leaped down, jerked Jimmie, gripping his ball, back into safety . . . and then the grinding train struck him down.

It took over half an hour to extricate him, but he had died instantaneously.

The calm high face, whose winning earnestness had been such a joy to look upon, was ground into an unrecognisable horror by the heavy wheels. But every man knew him as he passed into the station and down to the

platform, and he had had a cheery word with the ticket-inspector at the top of the staircase. There was no possible doubt as to the identity of the gruesome remains of what, a short half-hour before, had been one of God's noblest creatures.

To the great company assembled at the Guildhall, waiting expectantly, came the message from the King, saying that Colonel Carthew was on his way and that His Majesty took all the responsibility for his delay and asked their pardon.

So they waited good-humouredly and discussed their little affairs, while the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs and the Aldermen and Councillors and all their officials became more and more impressively official and restless as the time passed.

In days gone by, as many of them well knew, it would have been no matter for surprise—rather, indeed, very much in keeping with Carthew's known habits and hatred of fuss and show—if he had declined the invitation and had slipped quietly away into some unknown corner where none could find him.

But such a default would not now be in keeping with the man and his Message. He had promised and he would come. So they waited contentedly.

Then an excited messenger came in. The Lord Mayor went out with him, and a rumour ran round that something untoward had happened. The brilliant company waited now in tensest expectation.

At last the Lord Mayor came back and made his way slowly and heavily to the dais. He was an elderly man and stately, a whole-hearted believer in Carthew and his hopes for the world.

But he looked suddenly aged and worn. His face was set like a death-mask to restrain his emotion. It looked hard and white below his gray hair. His broad shoulders were bowed, his sturdy frame shook.

In a silence that told its own tale of foreboding, he said quietly,—and his voice shook, and broke at times, and he dropped the usual formalities,—

" My friends,—no sadder duty has ever fallen upon me. Our beloved Colonel Carthew was killed half an hour ago, on the Underground Railway at Victoria, immediately after his audience with the King. He leaped on to the line to save a child who had fallen over. . . .

" The child was saved, but an incoming train struck our friend down and killed him instantly. . . .

" The world has lost the noblest soul it has known for very many years. But he died, as I know he would have wished to die, giving his life for another, without a moment's hesitation. In that also he followed his Master,"—and here the speaker's voice grew strong and full as was its wont—" And, in the depth of our own sorrow, we recall the Master's own words,—' Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto Me.'

" Our friend has entered into his rest and

his abundant reward. It is for us, every one of us, to make sure that the Cause, to which he devoted himself, so nobly and unstintingly, comes to the utmost of his heart's desire. Will you all stand and repeat with me Colonel Carthew's own great petition. That, I am sure, will give him joy where he now is."

And with choking voices and uncontrollable sobs, that great assembly stood and brokenly repeated with him,—

> "Our Father in Heaven,
> We pray Thee to send into our hearts,
> And into the hearts of all men everywhere,
> The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"May God fulfil the noble desire of a truly noble man! Amen!"—and silently the assembly dispersed.

And in Cheapside the newsboys were tearing along with their placards, and shrilling "Tragic Death of Colonel Carthew," and getting any price they chose to ask for their papers.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE word of Colonel Carthew's death, sped round the world by wireless, occasioned profounder sorrow than the passing of any man had ever done before.

The whole world felt itself the poorer,—that a unique power for good had gone out of it, that it had lost a friend who had loved it more than himself.

The papers, the world over, were full of it. The wireless, in its news bulletins, gave fuller details, and stated that the King, deeply grieved, had decreed a public funeral in Westminster Abbey and expressed the intention of being present at it himself.

It also announced its own suggestion for honouring the memory of the man whom all had come to reverence as the greatest lover of humanity the world had ever known—save One.

At ten o'clock the following night—so that all other countries might have time to arrange to do the same,—as soon as Big Ben had tolled the hour, all listeners-in were begged to stand, and, with Colonel Carthew's token in their hands, to repeat after the speaker the words of the Colonel's prayer. And then it was requested that all would observe a two-minutes' silence, to be devoted

to thought of all that the Colonel had hoped and worked for—the bringing back of the world to Christ—the bringing back of the Spirit of Christ into the daily life of the world.

The B.B.C. programme for the night would end with the two minutes' silence.

The papers, all over the world, were full of the tragedy of the Colonel's death and the immensity of the work he had done for the world.

The passionate fervour of his simple appeal had won all hearts. His Message had been the strong hand of a friend stretched out to the life of the world in its hour of need.

The thought of the world was concentrated upon him as it never had been upon any man before ;—for never before had there been such means of sudden concentration, nor, since their discovery, such a man to concentrate upon.

All round the world that next day the hearts of men and women were sore and stricken, as the news of the Colonel's death reached them.

It arrived in New York in time for the evening editions, and spread thence over the whole of the Americas and Canada.

It was in time for insertion in the latest news in the next morning's papers in Australia, and reached China and Japan about the same time.

India had it before midnight, and, in the marvellous way in which news spreads there,

India's teeming millions knew of their loss within a few hours.

Never before had the death of one man caused such world-wide sorrow. And practically the whole civilised world fell in with the suggestion of honouring the dead in the two minutes' silence at ten o'clock that night.

Big Ben boomed slowly, in that extraordinarily massive and deliberate fashion of his when one's expectation is strung tight for his final stroke.

Then, to the waiting millions, came, in impressively reverent tones, the clarion voice of a great orator who had been requested to officiate on this supreme occasion.

" Will you please . . . all . . . stand ! "

And as each one rose, each in the deepest depths of his or her own soul experienced the thrill of a lifetime, in the knowledge that untold millions of their fellows were doing exactly the same thing, at exactly the same moment, for exactly the same reason.

Never since the world began had there been such a perfect expression of Community feeling, of Universal Brotherhood, of the oneness of humanity and of world-wide cooperation, of the levelling of all barriers and the wiping out of all dividing-lines between nations and classes.

—British and foreigners, King and cottager, learned and simple, they stood together to honour the memory of a man because of his essential goodness, and for the love he had

had for them all in equal measure. No wonder they thrilled at the thought of it!

The world-wide desire to join in that final great act of reverence overcame all difficulties of time. Australia and the East rose early for the purpose. America and the West snatched an hour in the afternoon. Business might suffer. No matter. This to which they were called was of greater moment. The universal wish was to stand there in that vast expectant hush, shoulder to shoulder with all the rest of the world.

Once more the voice of the speaker, and the overwhelming emotion under which he was labouring quivered through the night-spaces to every listening soul,—

"Will you please . . . all . . . repeat after me the words of Colonel Carthew's prayer. . . ." (Afterwards, the speaker told how, when he uttered the word "all," the overwhelming immensity of what he was doing filled him with such a sudden awe that he almost collapsed.) . . .

"Our Father in Heaven,
We pray Thee to send into our hearts,
And into the hearts of all men everywhere,
The Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ."

. . . . . .

"Now you are asked to observe two minutes' silence, and in it to think upon that prayer, which, simple as it is, contains the very core and essence of deliverance from all life's evils, and which, when granted and

implicity acted upon by us all, will mean new life for the world . . .

"It is considered seemly that our programme for to-night should end with the two-minutes' silence. So no further items will follow."

And upon the listening millions there fell a great silence.

. . . . . .

Then—before the two minutes ended, that happened which none ever forgot.

. . . . . .

To every listener there came a voice he knew, a voice which, once heard, could never be forgotten.

And as their souls thrilled to the sound of the voice, on every television dial, large or small, appeared the face of Colonel Carthew, calm, high, winning, just as they had known him, and with no slightest trace of the awful marring of his accident.

He looked at each one of them,—right into each one of them, with the stars in his eyes, just as they had known him, the very embodiment of appealing Love.

They could see his lips pronounce the words as he spoke them, and to every listener it was as though the Colonel himself was there in front of him, speaking to him alone, to him personally and individually, just as he used to do.

He said, "My love for you all and my longing for your good are greater than ever.

"From where I am I tell you once more that Love is The Only Way.

"Love Truth! Love Right! Love each of you his neighbour!

"Strive every one of you to be a christ, and to live Christ's Way.

"So shall Life be new made for you all. So shall God's Kingdom come.

"May God's blessing rest upon you all!"

Then, slowly, lingeringly, as though reluctant to leave them, the face faded from the dials. The last they saw of it was the starry wistfulness in his eyes calling to their souls to come.

And then, while they still gazed longingly into their dials, loth to think they had set eyes on him for the last time, there came silently on to them another face—THE FACE, and in the tremors of his soul every man knew Whose face it was.

Many afterwards tried to describe it. But that was beyond the power of any man. For no two men saw it alike. It was to each one the fine ultimate expression of his own highest imagining of all that was noblest and best in man,—and more,—very much more, for there was in it that which never was or could be in any mortal man.

No words came. But there was, in the wonderful eyes which looked straight into the depths of every man's soul, the same

wistful longing which had appealed to them in Carthew's face.

A great silence seemed to fall upon the earth, and through the silence those wonderful starry eyes said to every man " COME ! "

CHAPTER XXV

LONG before the next day's papers astounded their readers with the news that the strange happenings on the wireless in Britain had repeated themselves all over the world, the B.B.C. had been overwhelmed with reporters and telegrams asking what was the meaning of it all and how it had been done.

Pending further information the whole world buzzed with talk and speculation concerning it, in all its varied tongues. And below and above all the talk and speculation was, in most minds, a new and powerful impulse,—a stimulus of deeper thought than usual, a quickening of perception that here was something unheard-of but undoubtedly making for good.

Business men at suburban stations eyed one another with deprecating hesitancy. They were not accustomed to the discussion of the deeper matters.

Their looks said plainly,—"I wonder if you saw it and what you made of it?"

But when they whipped open their papers and found them full of the Great Wonder, with cables concerning it from all over the world, the barriers of shyness and reserve fell, and every man discussed it with his neighbour or with whomsoever he happened to find himself in his carriage.

Some were strongly of the opinion that it was a huge and well-planned and admirably-executed surprise on the part of the B.B.C. And that, even if it were so, it was wonderfully well done.

But the more thoughtful shook their heads and, though they had nothing to go upon, said that, to their minds, there was more in it than that.

And many waited in great hope and expectation for the next development. It seemed to them that the world had been vouchsafed a high mystic endorsement of Colonel Carthew's mission, and they hoped and prayed that still greater things might follow.

And these more thoughtful ones were greatly cheered by the issue, during the day, of a statement by the B.B.C., concise and simple as befitted the circumstances :—

" Profoundly impressed by the happenings of last night, the B.B.C. desires to state, most explicitly, that it had nothing whatever to do with the strange manifestations which followed the Two Minutes' Silence. No communication of any kind whatever, either to listeners or to watchers, was sent out by it.

" The Directors can only suppose that for Their Own Greater Purposes the Higher Powers commandeered the Wireless of the World. And this is their considered belief."

CHAPTER XXVI

THEN, with amazing rapidity, followed the events which changed the life of the world.

The King had been deeply grieved by the death of Colonel Carthew. He even considered himself in a measure responsible for it. For if he had not detained him those extra minutes at the Palace, the untoward combination of trifling events which led to the Colonel's death would not have occurred.

Jimmie Briggs might have lost his ball, and possibly his life, but the Colonel's would not have been endangered.

And, to retrace the sequence of trifles which led up to the tragic end,—if Mrs. Briggs had not arranged to go, on that day and at exactly that time, to see her sister in the City . . . and if Jimmie Briggs had not been to that Christmas-party and had not there been given a red-blue-and-green ball . . . and if the flower-woman with the basket had not come along at that precise moment . . .

But there! One could go on so *ad infinitum*, and in the end arrive only at this,—that the threads of our lives are inexplicably interwoven with the threads of other lives outside our knowledge,—that no man's life can be entirely his own possession,—and that the one thing we do all possess in common is, in

spite of our boasted free-will, an over-ruling Power for Good, which sees and knows, and arranges our beginnings and our endings very much better than we could do ourselves. For which we may be devoutly thankful.

The King had been greatly impressed by all that Carthew told him. In the light, or shadow, of the later happening, the Colonel's views and hopes assumed mystic and prophetic proportions.

He determined to act upon the dictates of his heart which were overwhelmingly endorsed by his uncommon common sense.

He sensed instinctively that here was a unique opportunity—the supreme, or as the cliché would say, the psychological, moment for an unparalleled attempt to bring the world to its senses.

From all Carthew had told him, and from his own close observation of the currency of thought in his own and most other countries, he believed that, below the careless, bubbling surface of things, there was a deep, eager craving for peace and security,—for life on a sounder and larger basis.

The better feeling of the world was, he felt certain, there in solution. It needed only some potent solvent to precipitate it, to crystallise it into solid virtuous fact.

He acted at once. He summoned the Prime Minister to the Palace ; and after an hour's weighty talk, the Prime Minister called the Cabinet to meet the King in conference there.

As the result of that, a private meeting of

Parliament was called for the afternoon of the day of Carthew's funeral—to follow immediately after it.

And let me say, once for all, that many things were done at this time which had never been done before, and still more later on. Under the impulsion of the new urge in life, the old ideas were passing.

Necessity knows no laws. The one thing needful was to get things done. The old system never had got them done. Its days and ways,—of futile talk and selfish scheming, of lying pledges and puerile recriminations—were over. A new spirit was abroad.

London has seen great things in the way of crowds, greater things perhaps than any City in the world. But never, in the whole course of its history, has it seen anything like the vast multitudes who thronged the streets, the windows, the roofs, to pay their last tributes to the man whose one sole aim in life had been their highest good.

In him, every man and woman there felt that they had lost a dear personal friend—and more than a friend, a would-be saviour from the dire possibilities of the future which the thoughtful had envisaged with black fear in their hearts.

Carthew's mangled body—though now they all thought of him as they had last seen him, radiant and hopeful, on their dials—had been taken, by the King's command, to St. James's Palace.

The route to the Abbey was purposely made unusually long and circuitous, so that

as many as possible could unite in the national mourning. And there were many from abroad, who had travelled night and day to testify their love and esteem for the man who had known no barriers of race or tongue in his desire for the salving of Life.

Indeed his death seemed to bring to a head—and that a crowned head, a head crowned with the love of the world—all the widespread endeavour of his life. For in him, on that day especially, there was centred a world-wide community of thought and good-feeling—nay, of actual reverent love—such as the world had never before known or shown for any man.

With the instinctive tact and good-feeling which made him such a power in the land in spite of his position, the King had decreed a simple funeral with neither bands nor escort. In view of Colonel Carthew's mission in life, and his more than once expressed hope for a modest Downland resting-place, bands and escort would have been entirely out of keeping.

But the King, as was his wont, did exactly the right thing, in a way that touched all hearts and added an infinite dignity to the occasion. The plain oak coffin—unadorned with wreaths, for the Colonel's abhorrence of flowers at funerals was well-known—was borne on top of the world-renowned travelling-car, which had so faithfully carried its owner on his long pilgrimage. It was meet that it should carry him now to his rest.

On the top of the coffin was a silver plate with his name and the words " I serve," and

below it they fixed one of his own little sigils, and another on each side so that all could see them—gleaming like flakes of gold in the sunshine—delivering their message to the last.

Immediately behind the car, as was only right and seemly, trotted Colonel Carthew's best friend, Jock, in the safe keeping of Capt. Burnett.

Everyone knew Jock. He had sat beside his master on hundreds of platforms. Now he followed the car, wistful and wondering.

Always before, he had sat on the front seat with the one he loved best in the world, and he could not understand why the Beloved, after coming back to him a few days ago, had suddenly disappeared again, nor why he must walk behind, nor what all those multitudes of people in the streets were staring at.

However, there was the car just in front, and the car had always meant his master ; so he trotted along with inquisitive nose, and questing eyes, and high-cocked ears, and brave little tail swinging hopefully.

Behind, as chief mourner, came the King in his own car, with the blinds drawn down as a sign of his desire to be accepted simply as one who mourned a friend with the rest of them.

And behind him followed cars innumerable, an immense and imposing procession.

And so, in a silence that was surcharged with feelings too deep for expression, a silence that was part of his monument in the hearts of his fellows, they carried his body to its

rest among the mighty dead—none mightier than he.

And, from his happier sphere, one can imagine himself looking down on it all, full grateful for their love, but still more eagerly hopeful for what might be born of the travail of his soul in his great endeavour.

From the service in the Abbey, the Ministers and Members went at once to their secret session. And the Press and the people waited the meaning of it all with fervent expectation.

The air was full of a new indefinite hopefulness, the like of which the world had never known. That great matters were in the hatching none could doubt. The world was very weary of itself, and of the follies and futilities and miseries of things, as they still were, though not quite as bad as they had been. It was ready for a change.

During those hours of suspense, the cables were buzzing with messages to and from the Dominions and outlying portions of the Empire, and then to the Government's representatives abroad.

And all the world, learning only that much, waited eagerly for the meaning of it all.

That came at last in the pronouncement broadcasted to the world by order of the King and Parliament.

Simple, dignified, as became the mighty import of it, it struck the second sovereign blow for Right for which the world had had to wait nineteen-hundred years since the first blow was struck on Calvary.

And under its impact the heart of the world stood still for a moment, and then breathed great new breaths of life and hope.

For the King's Proclamation gave promise of a world set free from fear and the burden of armaments, and of a life attuned to higher and sweeter things than it had ever known before.

Thus ran the Proclamation,—

" Reposing her trust in God, and in the sure belief that His Will for mankind is Goodwill and Peace, and assured by bitter experience that armaments inevitably lead to war, Great Britain decides to disarm as speedily as circumstances will permit.

" She hereby invites the faithful co-operation of the whole Brotherhood of Man in a united effort to rid the world of the incubus of arms, and to bring back into it the Spirit of Our Lord Jesus Christ. May His Will be done ! "

CHAPTER XXVII

THAT mighty gesture for World-Peace and Betterment was known throughout the world next day.

It proved to be just the powerful reagent needed for the crystallising of all those feelings after a larger and loftier life that had been forming for years in the track of Carthew's travels, but which had needed just that "something more" to bring them into actual being.

The effect was magical, both at home and abroad, and the response was immediate.

It really seemed as if all the nations had been waiting for just that word, though each one had feared to speak it itself.

With no more delay than was necessary for the various Governments to obtain the essential endorsements of their countries, the answers came pouring in. The action of Great Britain had broken the shackles of the old diplomacy, with its evasions, prevarications, and delays. That which in the old days would have provoked months and years of futile discussion and resulted in nothing, was accomplished in a day.

The pledges of the United States and Germany arrived first and almost simultaneously.

Belgium, Holland, the Irish Free State, and the Scandinavian States came next.

Italy and France, assured of Germany's adhesion, followed.

Under the compulsion of her people, Spain came in, and Portugal followed.

Japan and United China came in together.

Russia, seeing, in this mighty triumph of Right, the final death-blow to her old hopes of World-subversion,—and more hope for her own future in peace than in war—came in and was immediately followed by all the smaller European States and by Turkey.

The South American Republics agreed among themselves and came in in a body.

The enthusiastic assent of the Dominions and India had been received before the public pronouncement was made.

History was indeed in the making in those days.

The Press of the whole world devoted itself entirely to this great matter, endorsing, criticising, pointing out the difficulties. But, fathoming the all-but-universal eagerness for the safer and sweeter life which the great change offered, it fell in with public feeling and did its best to help—though obviously, in some quarters, reserving to itself the right to a shrewish " I told you so," if the matter turned out badly.

The difficulties to be faced were, undisguisedly, enormous. . . . The necessary readjustments of life in almost all its aspects would be gigantic,—appalling already to the faint-hearted,—disastrous without the vitalising dynamic of the New Spirit which was at last visibly abroad in the world.

But that New Spirit of Life grew stronger every day and overcame all difficulties.

In a further pregnant proclamation the King called upon the nation to face the necessary radical changes in the spirit in which it had met and overcome other national crises, with the added vigour and devotion of this new and loftier spirit which had of late been reborn in the world through the heroic self-dedication of their dearly-beloved friend, Colonel Carthew.

Self-denial, self-sacrifice, and boundless generosity and good-feeling would be necessary all round. These and all else needed would, he was confident, be forthcoming, and they would not be found lacking in himself.

Their united aim must be the remedying of those evils of undue poverty and undue wealth which had placed such unbearable burdens on so many.

—The removal of all hindrances to perfect co-operation and goodwill between all classes in the business of life.

—There must be a levelling-up and a levelling-down towards a fairer and more even distribution of all that was needed for the development of a fuller and wider life for all.

He called upon the nation to bring all the difficulties and anomalies which would arise to the touchstone of the New Spirit which was among them.

If that New Spirit of Right, Truth, and Love ruled all their dealings, at home and abroad, there could be no doubt about the results.

The Press did not fail to point, with all the eloquence it possessed, to the wonderful *volte-face* of Japan in 1869; when, for the good of their country, the Samurai nobles voluntarily stripped themselves of their wealth, their lands, and their power, making themselves of no account so that their country might develop itself and become great. And how, as a result of their patriotic self-sacrifice, Japan had overleaped the years and become one of the great factors in the life of the world.

What Japan had done surely Britain could do. And so on.

And the country responded, accepted the new and grave responsibilities entailed by the situation, and refashioned its life on the sure foundations of Right, Truth, and Goodwill, both at home and abroad.

It would take books—many and heavy ones—to detail the working-out of all those stupendous problems.

—Of the great estates turned at last to more profitable usage than that of mere pleasure-grounds for the unduly rich.

—Of the settling on the land, and on self-respecting lines, of the multitudes of disbanded soldiers and sailors, and the recreation thereby of the old yeoman breed which was once the backbone of Britain.

—Of the new farming, modelled on the Danish lines of scientific working and close co-operation, which would in time make Britain self-supporting in the matter of food.

—Of the rapprochement of Labour and

Capital on terms such as had never obtained between them before, and with results satisfactory beyond all expectation.

—Of the successful World-Disarmament, and the constitution of an international police-force under the sole control of the World Tribunal of the League of Nations.

—Of the obligatory teaching in every land of a second language in addition to its own,—a universal language that should become common to every man throughout the world, so that in time that greatest barrier to mutual understanding should be done away with and a mighty link in the Brotherhood of man be forged. For only as men can freely discuss with one another their varying points of view can they hope to understand one another. And only as they come to full understanding can they come to agreement and fellowship.

And so, at last, through the indomitable Will to Right and the devoted self-sacrifice of one who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and gave himself without stint to their realisation, mankind had peace.

"*And every man in all the whole wide world*
Had room, and time, and wherewithal to live
His life at fullest full within the Law—
The Law that has no bonds or bounds for those
Who truly live it, for it is His Love—
The great unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable
Law, whose beginning and whose end is—Love."

In the creeper-hung porch of a comfortable old house, just over the border in Kent, a little brindled dog sat always with wistful eyes, waiting for the one he loved best in the world,—waiting with a hope that never faltered.

Once, indeed, he heard the beloved voice in the parlour, and, rushing in there, saw for a moment the beloved face in the mirror above the big box in the corner. But before he could get at it it was gone and he never saw it again.

So he lived on, faithful and hopeful to the end . . . till one day those who loved him found him lying with his nose on his paws, facing towards the gate by which the Beloved must come. And surely the Beloved *had* come ; for the great little spirit had passed on and found his heart's desire, and all was well with him at last.

You have none of you had the joy and privilege of actually seeing and hearing Colonel Carthew, nor even of seeing one of his sigils. But now you have, at all events, heard about both him and them.

And sure am I that if you will think upon these things and will repeat that vital little prayer of his, even once a day, and when you wake in the night, both you and the world will be the better of it.

And, in time, you and the world will come to that peace and happiness which is God's Wish and Will for all of us.

So may we all become Co-Partners with

Him in the perfecting of that which He made in the hope that it would be a joy to Him, but which so far has been but a disappointment and a sorrow.

. . . . . .

Ainsi soit-il !